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TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.
BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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TALE II.—CONTINUED.

OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils !——

Venice Preserved.

THE prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr Poundtext, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom we left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the

worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillietudlem after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first enquiry was, whether Macbriar and Kettledrummle had arrived agreeably to the summons which he had dispatched at midnight. Macbriar had come, and Kettledrummle, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then dispatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Poundtext was next summoned; but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had with-

drawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him when unsupported by the firmness of Morton. Burley's next enquiries were directed after Lord Evandale; and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away over night by a party of the marksmen of Milnwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

"The villain!" exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to Macbriar; "the base, mean-spirited traitor, to curry favour for himself with the government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength, which hath wrought us such trouble, might now have been in our hands."

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbriar, looking up towards the Keep of the

Castle; "and are not these the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls?"

"A stratagem—a mere trick," said Burley, "an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Burley was rather driven to fury than reconciled by the news of this success.

"I have watched," he said—"I have fought—I have plotted—I have striven for the reduction of this place—I have forborn to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honour—I have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and, when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, cometh this youth, without a

beard on his chin, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it."

"Nay," said Macbriar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, "chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use his own instruments; and who knows but this youth"——

"Hush! hush!" said Burley; "do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me beware of this painted sepulchre — this lacquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the guidance of such pious pastors as thou. But our carnal affections will mislead us—this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their

struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbriar, that would shake themselves clear of the clogs and chains of humanity."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their opinions of church government.

"Let us instantly," he said, "go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress, which, well used, as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen."

"But will these be of the children of the Covenant?" said the preacher. "We have already among us too many who hunger after lands and silver and gold rather than after the word; it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out."

"Thou errest," said Burley; "we must

work by means, and these worldly men shall be our instruments; at all events, the Moabitish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Evandale, nor the Erastian Morton, shall possess yonder Castle and lands, though they may seek in marriage the daughter thereof."

So saying, he led the way to Tillietudlem, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter room, and other receptacles for family papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him, that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettledrummle in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Langcale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundtext termed it,

from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundtext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tillietudlem. He remembered, however, that the door had an iron grate, and the Keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton, with the tidings, that Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

"And ye see," concluded Poundtext, with a deep sigh, "that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langcale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably, or preceesely, termed either fish, or flesh, or gude red-herring—whoever has the stronger party has Langcale."

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of

honest Mr Poundtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the dangers in which he was placed betwixt unreasonable adversaries amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his old parchment-bound Calvin, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggin of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his strong support and concurrence to the measures which he, Morton, had taken for a general pacification. Thus backed and comforted, Poundtext resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these sectaries, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clouded and

severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; that all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts and reprobates. These men entered the presbyterian camp, rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers. Burley made no private visit to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundtext at the place of assembly, they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was in-

tended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Mac briar, the sharp eagerness of whose zeal urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Evandale, had been freed from the doom of death justly denounced against him.

"By my authority and Mr Morton's," replied Poundtext, who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundtext feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Balfour.

"And who, brother," said Kettledrummle, "who gave you commission to interpose in such a high matter?

"The tenor of our commission," answered Poundtext, "gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was just-

ly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us."

"Go to, go to," said Burley, "we know your motives; it was to send that silk-worm—that gilded trinket—that embroidered trifle of a Lord, to bear terms of peace to the tyrant."

"It was so," replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flinch before the fierce eye of Balfour—"it was so; and what then?—Are we to plunge the nation in endless war, in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?"

"Hear him!" said Balfour; "he blasphemeth."

"It is false," said Morton; "they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable

terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannize over those of others."

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half way from Edinburgh. This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reverend Mr Poundtext should preach to the army in the morning, and Kettledrummle in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or of division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in the good cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, confiding that it would have the support of Langcale, who looked extremely blank at the news which

they had just received, and might be supposed reconverted to moderate measures. It was to be presumed, they said, that since the King had not entrusted the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a man of gentle temper, and of a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent but necessary to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favour. This could only be learned by dispatching an envoy to his army.

"And who will undertake the task?" said Burley, evading a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted—"Who will go up to their camp, knowing that Grahame of Claverhouse hath sworn to hang up whomsoever we shall dispatch towards

them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?"

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton; "I will with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand."

"Let him go," said Balfour, apart to Macbriar; "our councils will be well rid of his presence."

The motion, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it, and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition entrusted to Lord Evandale's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed

by the Cameronians, which had so little to support it, excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cuddie as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal forces; and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Bothwell-muir, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of about two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced guard of cavalry which he met, and communicated his wish to obtain access to the Duke of Mon-

mouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life," said one of them, addressing Morton; "the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind."

"I cannot think," said Morton, "that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorized no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission."

The two officers looked at each other.

"I have an idea," said the younger, "that this is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke"——

"Is my Lord Evandale in the army?" said Morton.

"He is not," replied the officer; "we left him at Edinburgh too much indisposed to take the field—Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?"

"It is, sir," answered Morton.

"We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir," said the officer, with more civility of manner; "but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so."

"I shall be sorry to find it thus," said Morton, "but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him."

"Lumley," said the superior officer,

"let the Duke know of Mr Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly."

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr Morton that evening, but would receive him by times on the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and every thing provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience.

The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of this hasty and ill-concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's

army—there were the Scottish Life Guards, burning with desire to revenge their late defeat—other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fiefs. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the lowland frontiers, a people particularly obnoxious to the western whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied the army; and the whole had an air so imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-modelled, and tumultuary army of the insurgents from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and

awful parade of military force had impressed him. But, true to the cause he had espoused, he laboured successfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officers.

"If I had no appetite for it," replied Morton, "I would not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful regale, for the sake of all parties."

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be sur-

veying the ground with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great high-priest of all the nine afterwards recorded—

> "Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please;
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And Paradise was opened in his face."

Yet, to a strict observer, the manly beau-

ty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer, whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breast-plate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and

marked features, evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violences against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that

the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being entrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

"You come, sir, from these unfortunate people," said the Duke of Monmouth, "and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favour us with the purport of your errand?"

"It is contained, my Lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed, a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I understand, from Lord Evandale, that Mr Morton has behaved in

these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the king's authority and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"There are, Mr Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me rea-

sonable and just; and, although I have no express instruction from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you will understand, that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undauntedly, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birth-right wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense has admitted the general justice of our demand,—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, and dare not,

lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of the wrongs which we complain of."

"Mr Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive that requests, by no means dangerous in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my Lord," answered Morton, "that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed."

"Mr Morton," said the Duke, "I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack, yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself

bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences.—I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons?"

"By my faith," answered Dalzell, suddenly, "and it is a length to which my poor judgment durst not have stretched them, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to. But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Monmouth blushed deeply. "You hear," he said, addressing Morton, "General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour."

"General Dalzell's sentiments, my Lord," replied Morton, "are such as we expect from him; your Grace's such as we were

prepared to hope you might please to entertain; but I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsellors around the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure us effectual relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our supplication; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may."

"Good morning, sir," said the Duke. "I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly entreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood."

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity.

"Yes, gentlemen, I said I trusted the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor incurs your displeasure."

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, "It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments."

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed; and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the nonconformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

"I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr Morton of Milnwood?"

"It is not Colonel Grahame's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, "that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence."

"Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, "that Mr Morton's present situation authorizes the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty."

"To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Grahame, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

"Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse; "Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon

generous principles, and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the blood-thirsty assassins who head them; therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they will not stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to enquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalzell will not—I both can and will; and I have promised to Evandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks," answered Morton coldly, "did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable, that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then saluted and parted.

"That is a pretty lad, Lumley," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a lost man—his blood be upon his head."

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER II.

But, hark! the tent has changed its voice,
There's peace and rest nae langer.

BURNS.

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated their counsels raged even among their meanest followers; and their picquets and patroles were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Erastian heresy, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of their drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and, entertaining the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been utter ruin; for, on the defence or loss of this pass, the fortune of the day was most likely to depend; all beyond it was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and totally unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its

side, and, by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance videttes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which out-posts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually

sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than they had before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three loud cheers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass that rolled and agitated itself likes the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalized at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press to learn, and, if pos-

sible, to remove the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties and waiving all discussions. A temporary pulpit, or tent, was erected in the middle of the encampment; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundtext, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergyman present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected apparition of Habbakuk Mucklewrath, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so

much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon-hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely impelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain, that he took occasion by the forelock, sprung into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, "Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, let us go serve other gods which you have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as

wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with heresy, with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial, who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false Gods. To him, and all who followed him, or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of the

breastplate. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they may be numerous as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight! I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Habbakuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Achan, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon—he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more

precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold."

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporized more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them,—that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an Anti-covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from

the truth, with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army, the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext, and one or two others, made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factious, exclaiming to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch,—" Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren."—No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habbakuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard

him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly, were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a harmonious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Morton arrived in the field, and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.

"What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?" he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

"It means," he replied, "that God has

delivered us into the hands of our enemies."

"Not so," answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; "it is not God who deserts us, it is we who desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion.—Hear me," he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion—"I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can insure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church-dis-

cipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction. O, remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen—the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates."

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation by loud exclamations of applause; others by hooting, and exclaiming,—"To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed,—"Silence your senseless clamours, yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties.—There shall at least one Scottishman die in their de-

fence.—Let any one who loves his country follow me!"

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the foot-guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillery-men were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar—" Ephraim," he said, " it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this latitudinarian youth.—He that loves the light, let him follow Burley !"

" Tarry," replied Macbriar ; " it is not by Henry Morton, or such as him, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted ; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this *nullifidian* Achan—Thou shalt not go with him. Thou art our chariots and our horsemen."

" Hinder me not," replied Burley ; " he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge—therefore let me not—Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary?—Array yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition ; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day !"

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed

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by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their faces, to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circum-

stance would restore their spirit and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers, busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into "a quaver of consternation," and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon-hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment, for the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER III.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.
Old Ballad.

Ere Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of

musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the

distant main body of the presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of Loch-sloy. The ammunition of the de-

fenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain dispatched, one after the other, to the main body of the presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule, had gone abroad among them, and, while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and

thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberts, and partisans, to encounter the bayonets of the Guards and the broadswords of the Highlanders. But those behind them began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horse to attack them, ere

they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge—hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

"He flies," they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!"

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack.—Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him not!—Follow him not!"—such were the tumultuous exclamations

which resounded from the ranks; "he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy."

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the access, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eying the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the

flanks of the royal infantry, formed them on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound ;—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed ; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was

heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—"Kill, kill—no quarter—think on Richard Grahame!"—The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon-hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the resisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit. About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as

much to stop the slaughter as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to shew their zeal for King and country, by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

"Sheathe your sword, I command you, General!" exclaimed the Duke, "and sound the retreat; enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King's misguided subjects."

"I obey your Grace," said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard; "but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the act of marching to join them?"

"Basil Olifant!" said the Duke, "who, or what, is he?"

"The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood; he is disaffected to government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret Bellenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion."

"Be his motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is far too much broken to rally again. Therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of Hamilton; but, while labouring to induce the flyers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

"May the hand be withered that shot the shot!" he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."

Then turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton too now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the flyers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Morton.

"The head's ta'en aff them as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo," rejoined Cuddie. "Eh, lord! see how the broad-swords are flashing! war's a fearsome thing. They'll be cunning that catches me at this wark again—but, for God's sake, sir, let us mak for some strength."

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country,

where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

CHAPTER IV.

> They require
> Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
> Yea, and the fierceness too.
>
> FLETCHER.

EVENING had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farm-house, situated in the entrance of a wild and moorish glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our horses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke is-

suing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and, when they knocked at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable, or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used farther means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose appearance of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

"This meeting bodes gude luck," said Cuddie; "and they hae walth o' beef, that's ae thing certain, for here's a raw hide that has been about the hurdies o' a stot not half an hour syne—it's warm yet."

Encouraged by these appearances, they

returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamoured loudly for admittance.

"Whoever ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, "disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western whigs," said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master, "I ken by their language. Fiend hae me if I like to venture on them."

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt

his teeth, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire," and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habbakuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were

conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what society he had unwittingly i gan to think of retreating; ing his head, observed wit that two strong men had themselves beside the w which they had entered. nous centinels whispered of that precious woman, do not cast thy lot farthe of treachery and perditio way, and tarry not, for blood is behind thee."

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conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these ominous centinels whispered to Cuddie, "Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition—Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnocks are no lucky wi' me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn; but I'se tak the road back for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity."

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and, taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture, and louring downward look with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them.

"I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them."

"Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up; "the word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and, lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jirah, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was

armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle, and as the whigs were all provided with fire-arms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment.

"Tarry yet a while, brethren—let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us.—Come," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed. Hast thou not," he continued, "made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?"

"He has—he has," murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

"He hath ever urged peace with the malignants," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the indulgence," echoed another.

"And would have surrendered the host

into the hands of Monmouth," echoed a third, " and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

" Gentlemen," said Morton, " if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder."

" I say, hear the youth," said Macbriar, " for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"I may not, gentlemen," he said, "be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannizing over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I must needs aver, that had others been of my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an useful and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly—"he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism; let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Macbriar, "for I will try him further.—Was it not by thy means that the malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Lo! you see," said Macbriar, "again hath his mouth spoken it—And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of prelacy, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth—And didst thou not so act, that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were insu-

red possession of these women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it—But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?"

"Peace," said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; "it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations; for the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection to draw down defeat on a host were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?—Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one

that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away.—Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon from him."

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered and disarmed before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranked themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will

readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions, Macbriar expostulating in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial plate of the time-piece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through

this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution,—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement,—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His des-

tined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like the spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliver ance and for composure of spirit which is to

be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognized the words which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

"There lacked but this," he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, "to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him, must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver,—let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand."

"I take up my song against him!" exclaimed the maniac. "As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their weapons, for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hist!" he said,—"I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sough of the wind among the bracken," said another.

"It is the gallopping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood; "God grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse," cried Macbriar. "Look out and descry who they are."

"The enemy are upon us," cried one

who had opened the window, in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

"Have at the bloody rebels!—Remember Cornet Grahame!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired; the whig next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where fire-arms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

"Is the prisoner safe?" said the well-known voice of Claverhouse; "look about for him, and dispatch the dog who is groaning there."

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

"I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands o' the whigs; sae being atween the de'il and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him on wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, an' the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in ha'arst;

and Monmouth gi'es quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Sae haud up ye're heart, an' we'll do a' weel aneugh yet."

CHAPTER V.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

When the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

"You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr Morton, if you had honoured my counsel yesterday morning

with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the King and council, but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his serjeant-major.

"How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?"

"Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden —six in all; four prisoners."

"Armed or unarmed?" said Claverhouse.

"Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Halliday; "one without arms—he seems to be a preacher."

"Ay—the trumpeter to the long-ear'd route, I suppose," replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims, "I will talk with him to-morrow. Take

the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, d'ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly-book of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place. Drumshinnel, I think, they call it—Look after the preacher till to-morrow; as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery.—Let Mr Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses, and let my groom wash Wildblood's back with some vinegar, the saddle has touched him a little."

All these various orders,—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder,—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be

the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them shew the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice,—" Mischief shall hunt the violent man;" to which Grahame only answered with a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave

to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

"I will pledge you, with all my heart," said Claverhouse; "for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the whigs never miss to find it out.—My service to you, Mr Morton," he said, filling one horn of ale for himself and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered and set down the untasted cup.

"You are but young in these matters, Mr Morton," said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught;

"and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity, reconcile men to every thing."

"I trust," said Morton, "they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these."

"You would hardly believe," said Claverhouse in reply, "that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt, it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast. But, in truth, Mr Morton, why should we care so much for death, light around us whenever it may? Men die daily—not a bell tolls the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other, and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery—when the hour of midnight came you were to die—it has struck—you are alive and safe,

and the lot has fallen on these fellows who were to murder you.—It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befal us on any given moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun—that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—*that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!"

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright

before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes, in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit for ever, and exclaimed with his usual wildness of ejaculation, "Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because

thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to Heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, doest thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints?"

As he uttered the last word he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were,

and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Mucklewrath's appearance, he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked, in an unconcerned tone of voice—"How came the fellow here?—Speak, you staring fool," he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, "unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man."

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faultering voice,—"That he had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he chanced to have fallen where a cloak or two had been flung aside, and covered him."

"Take him away now, then, you gaping

idiot, and see that he does not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame.—This is a new incident, Mr Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they used not to do their work so slovenly.—But we have had a busy day; they are tired with their bloody work, and I suppose you, Mr Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours repose."

So saying, he yawned, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, saluted Morton courteously, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated, for the evening, with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for redeeming him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held forth so

many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured forth his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER VI.

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged—a terrible show!

Beggar's Opera.

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the stamp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveillie. The serjeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and

Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Cuddie in attendance. Both were disarmed of their fire-arms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of his general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty

seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"You are right," said Claverhouse, with a smile; "you are very right—we are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition."

"Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse," said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"Surely," said Claverhouse, with the same composure; "but of what kind?—There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sul-

len boors;—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine and dashing down a cann full of base muddy ale."

"Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension," replied Morton. "God gives every spark of life—that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who destroy his work recklessly or causelessly, must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Grahame's protection now, more than when I first met him?"

"And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say," answered Claverhouse —"why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old round-headed rebel, and the nephew of a sordid presbyterian laird; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect in an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found

that my construction of the information has not been unfavourable to you."

"But yet," said Morton——

"But yet," interrupted Grahame, taking up the word, "you would say you were the same when I first met you that you are now? True; but then, how could I know that? though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may shew you how high your abilities stood in my estimation."

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?"

"Poh! poh! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Froissart?"

"No," was Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself.

And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah benedicite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churles, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse."

"There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom," said Morton, "in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour."

"You mean," said Claverhouse, looking

at a memorandum-book, "one Hatherick — Hedderick — or — or — Headrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuddie Headrigg — here I have him.—O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tillietudlem made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his obstinacy spoils his good fortune."

"He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe," said Morton.

"'Tis the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend, for the sake of the blundering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has been long in our eye.—Here, Halliday; bring me up the black-book."

The serjeant, having committed to his

commander this ominous record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

'Gumblegumption, a minister, aged 50, indulged, close, sly, and so forth—Pooh! pooh!—He—He—I have him here—Heathercat; outlawed—a preacher—a zealous Cameronian—Keeps a conventicle among the Campsie hills—Tush!—O, here is Headrigg—Cuthbert; his mother a bitter puritan—himself a simple fellow—like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots—more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side, but for his attachment to'——(Here Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone.) "Faithful and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety."

"Does it not revolt a mind like yours," said Morton, "to follow a system which

is to be supported by such minute enquiries after obscure individuals?"

"You do not suppose *we* take the trouble?" said the General haughtily. "The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish; they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years."

"Indeed?" replied Morton. "Will you favour me by imparting it?"

"Willingly," said Claverhouse; "it can signify little, for you cannot avenge yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time."

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land, but ere he answered, Claverhouse proceeded to read, 'Henry Morton, son of Silas Morton, Colonel of horse for the Scottish parliament, and nephew of Morton of Milnwood—imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years

—excellent at all exercises—indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the presbyterian—has high-flown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age —modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is'——" Here follow three red crosses, Mr Morton, which signify triply dangerous. You see how important a person you are.—But what does this fellow want?"

A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton—" Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Burley—Hear how he sets forth—' *Dear Sir,*' (I wonder when

we were such intimates,) 'may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory'—hum—hum—'Blessed be his Majesty's army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners,' and so forth. Subscribed Basil Olifant—You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A relative of Lady Margaret Bellenden, is he not?"

"Ay," replied Grahame, "and heir male of her father's family, though a distant one, and moreover a suitor to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, an admirer of the estate of Tillietudlem, and all thereunto belonging."

"He takes an ill mode of recommending himself," said Morton, suppressing his own feelings, "to the family at Tillietudlem by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"O, this precious Basil shall turn cat in pan with any man! He was displeased with the government, because they would not overturn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood which gave his own estate to his own daughter; he was displeased with Lady Margaret because she shewed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his men with the purpose of helping him, if he needed no help, that is, if you had beat us yesterday--And now the rascal pretends he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, for aught I know, the council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them. And a dozen scores of poor vagabond fanatics will be shot, or hung, while this cunning scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the consequences of their suspicious resentment, his hours flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journey-

ed on, the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our council," said Claverhouse, "being resolved, I suppose, to testify, by their present exultation, the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the shew, and, at the same time, to save you from yours."

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allan, (now a Lieutenant-colonel,) and, turning his horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small

apartment, with an intimation, that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was summoned to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, contended in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprised him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magistrates of the city, attended by their guard of halberts, had met the victors with their welcome, at the gate of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of exhortation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged

to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macbriar, and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bareheaded, and strongly bound, yet looked around them with an air rather of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by dread of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy and derision, came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcries and huzzas of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzza for any thing whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troopers came the main

body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberts, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they wore the *sanbenitos* of the condemned heretics in an *auto-da-fe.*

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a

still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their prudence in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have disowned, and looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, foaming with thirst and fatigue, stumbled along like over-driven oxen, lost to every thing but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were driven to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, and mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognized in the bloody heads and still more miserable and agonized features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupified state, from which he was awaked by the voice of Cuddie.

"Lord forgi'e us, sir!" said the poor fellow, his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like boar's bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse—"Lord forgi'e us, sir! we maun instantly gang before the council—O, Lord, what made them send for a puir bodie like me, sae mony braw lords and gentles!—and there's my mother come on the tramp frae Glasgow to see to gar me testify, as she ca's it, that is to say, confess and be hanged; but de'il tak me if they mak sic a goose o' Cuddie, if I can do better. But here's Claverhouse himsel

—the Lord preserve and forgi'e us, I say anes mair!"

"You must immediately attend the council, Mr Morton," said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, "and your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?"

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

"I must apprise you," said the latter, as he led the way down stairs, "that you will get off cheap, and so will your servant, providing he can keep his tongue quiet."

Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy.

"De'il a fear o' me," said he, "an' my mother doesna pit her finger in the pye."

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

"O, hinny, hinny!" said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the saame instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field."

"Whisht, whisht, mother," cried Cuddie impatiently. "Odd, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things?—I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another. I hae spoken to Mr Poundtext, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that—he's gotten life for himsel and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket."

"O, Cuddie, man, laith wad I be they suld hurt ye," said old Mause, divided grievously between the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; "but mind, my bonny bairn, ye hae battled for the faith, and dinna let the dread o' losing creature-comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight."

"Hout tout, mother," replied Cuddie, "I hae fought e'en ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I hae swaggered wi' a' thae arms, and musquets, and pistols, buff-coats, and bandaliers, lang eneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better. I ken nae-thing suld gar a man fight, (that's to say, when he's no angry,) by and out-taken the dread o' being hanged, or killed if he turns back."

"But, my dear Cuddie," continued the persevering Mause, "your bridal garment —Oh, hinny, dinna sully the marriage garment!"

"Awa', awa', mother," replied Cuddie; "dinna ye see the folks waiting for me?—

Never fear me—I ken how to turn this far better than ye do—for ye're bleezing awa' about marriage, and the job is how we are to win by hanging."

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embraces, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER VII.

My native land, good night.
LORD BYRON.

THE Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendance of the executive department, was met in the ancient, dark, Gothic room, adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst them at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a craven to confess—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, General?"

"Without further metaphor, I will en-

treat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a whig into the bargain," said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a whig, as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Counsellors.

"Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing, "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog—but come bring in the prisoners—and do you, Mr Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger, of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign

parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

"I have no other choice, my Lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostacy.

"He hath summed his defection by own-

ing the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a deep groan—"A fallen star!—a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge—ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you.—Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the bottom of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over him. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied with true Caledonian indirectness of response,

"I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave—yes or no?—You know you were there."

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's grace's honour," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there?—yes or no?" said the Duke, impatiently.

"Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft—Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since

naething else will please you, write down that I cannot deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gi'e my opinion, stir, on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just than rebellion, as your honour ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose. And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the King?"

"Blithely, stir; and drink his health into the bargain, when the ale's gude."

"Egad," said the Duke, "this is a hearty cock.—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, stir, and a daft auld jaud of a mother, wi' reverence to your Grace's honour."

"Why, God-a-mercy, my friend, I think thou art not likely to commit treason on thine own score.—Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair."

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was, in like manner, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not—I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in his cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party?—I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself, and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you.—Come, laddie, speak while the play is good—you're too young to bear the burthen will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale, and rung

a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in these tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose, but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbriar, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of

God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages."

"Do your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

"Let him choose for himself," said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in any thing that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the best—I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of the assistants, inclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot, or case, and then

placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for farther orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to Heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible, "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the

executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely, and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded, but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his

mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the counsellors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the surgeon—"he has fainted, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the Duke, and added, turning to Dalzell, "He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride today, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him."

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him, we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recal the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried

from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the council, and all and sundry his moveable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of Doomster was in these days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner, *in commendam*, with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection, that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruf-

fian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly—"My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcase which has this day sustained your cruelty to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me, whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house. But if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained—And why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just for that of frail dust and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven!—If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good,

take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!"

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

The council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Grahame.

"Marvellous firmness and gallantry!" said Morton, as he reflected upon Macbriar's conduct; "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fiercer features of his sect!"

"You mean," said Claverhouse, "his resolution to condemn you to death?—to that he would have reconciled himself by a single text; for example, 'And Phineas arose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose—But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr Morton?"

"We are on the road to Leith, I observe," answered Morton. "Can I not be permitted to see my friends ere I leave my native land?"

"Your uncle," replied Grahame, "has been spoken with, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without good reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements—he sends you, however, his blessing and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillietudlem putting matters in order. The scoundrels have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's muniments of antiquity, and have destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

Morton sighed deeply as he answered "No—it would avail nothing—but my preparations,—small as they are, some must be necessary."

"They are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaigns under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Seneff. There are also bills of exchange for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this, and received the parcel with an astounded and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

"And my servant?" he said.

"He shall be cared for, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade, or go a whigging a second time.—But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you"

It was even as Claverhouse said. A

boat waited for Captain Morton with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Evandale, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way."

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all his companions of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took opportunity to open the billet thus

mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus:—" Thy courage on the fatal day when Israel fled before his enemies, hath, in some measure, atoned for thy unhappy owning of the Erastian interest. These are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel.—I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger. But turn from that folly; for in exile, and in flight, and even in death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of meting unto them with their own measure of ruin and confiscation. The resistance of their strong-hold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There is an honest remnant in Holland whose eyes are looking out for de-

liverance. Join thyself unto them like the true son of the stout and worthy Silas Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labour in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times hear of my incomings and out-goings, by enquiring after Quintin Mackell of Irongray, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Bessie Maclure, near to the place called the Howff, where Niel Blane entertaineth guests. So much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, resisting unto blood, and striving against sin. Meanwhile, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that wakes in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Esau, and shall make false professors as straw, and malignants as stubble, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Ja-

cob shall be for spoil, and the house of Joseph for fire. I am he that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the mighty in the waste field."

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of B.; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Burley. It gave him new occasion to admire the indomitable spirit of this man, who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy, was even now endeavouring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces. But he felt no sort of desire, in the present moment, to sustain a correspondence which must be perilous, or to renew an association, which, in so many ways, had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Burley held out against the family of Bellenden, he considered as a mere expression of his spleen on account of their defence of Tillietudlem; and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very mo-

ment of their party being victorious, their fugitive and distressed adversary could exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant, whether he should not send the Major or Lord Evandale intimation of Burley's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence; for to warn them of his menaces would have served little purpose, unless he had given them a clew to prevent them, by apprehending his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an ungenerous breach of trust to remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the name and place where the writer was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails

swelled out before a favourable north-west wind. The ship leaned her side to the gale, and went roaring through the waves, leaving a long and rippling furrow to track her course The city and port from which he had sailed became undistinguishable in the distance; the hills by which they were surrounded melted finally into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whom does time gallop withal?

SHAKSPEARE.

It is fortunate for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theatrical writers to the unities of time and place, but may conduct their personages to Athens and Thebes at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Time, to use Rosalind's simile, has hitherto paced with the hero of our tale; for, betwixt Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the popinjay, and his final departure for Holland, hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galloped

over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my cast, I entreat the reader's attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new æra, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions, and the general change of government in church and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have hitherto known

by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the general state of the Highlands was so unruly, that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defence, which the government termed treason, while they cried out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and more extravagant portion of the non-conformists under Charles and James loudly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the

Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous Covenanted Monarch were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intentions to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence, thus espoused and gloried in by the government, gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation to extirpate idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the Church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the

measures by which government after the Revolution shewed an inclination to interfere with the management of the Church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, the Magna Charta, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequence of open rebellion. But as the murmurers were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against Socinianism, Erastianism, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfann'd by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sunk into the scattered remnant of serious, scrupulous,

and harmless enthusiasts, of whom Old Mortality, whose legends have afforded the ground-work of my Tale, may be taken as no bad representative. But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the Cameronians continued a sect strong in numbers and vehement in their political opinions, whom government wished to discourage while they prudently temporized with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the Episcopalian and Jacobite interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavoured to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontents, to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stuart family. The Revolutionary government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate presbytery, and formed, in a great measure, the party, who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatized by the

Cameronians, for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was upon a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness

of the scene around. The path, through which the traveller descended, was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now loaden with summer fruits.

The nearest object of consequence was a farm-house, or it might be the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear-trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's-lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland; it had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him before the door; a heap of brush-

wood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, shewed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest water, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy-knowe. The child set down its water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering "What's ye're wull?" which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatsoever.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy-knowe."

"Mammie, mammie," exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to this gentleman."

Her mother appeared,—a handsome young country-woman, to whose features, originally sly and espiegle in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without any thing resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy-knowe, and a man called Cuthbert Head-rigg. You can probably direct me to him."

"It's my good-man, sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome; "will you alight, sir, and come into our poor dwelling?—Cuddie, Cuddie,"—(a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut)—"Rin awa', my bonnie man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him.—Or, stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense—rin ye awa' and tell him; he's down at the Four-acres Park.—Winna ye light down and bide a blink, sir?—Or would ye take a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our good-man comes? It's gude ale, though I shouldna say sae that brews it; but ploughman lads work hard, and maun hae something to keep their hearts aboon by ordinary, sae I aye pit a good gowpin o' maut to the browst."

As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dullness, with occasional sparkles, which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoe. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, "What's your wull wi' me, sir?"

"I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them."

"Nae doubt, sir," said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation; "but I would first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I hae had sae mony questions speered at me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye kend a', ye wadna wonder at my jealousing a' thing about them. My mother gar'd me learn the Single Carritch,

whilk was a great vex; then I behoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the auld leddy; and whiles I jumbled them thegither and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's yestate, cam anither kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than Effectual Calling; and the 'did promise and vow' of the tane were yoked to the end of the tother. Sae ye see, sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them."

"You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country."

"Country?" replied Cuddie; "ou, the country's weel aneugh, an' it werena that dour devil, Claver'se, (they ca' him Dundee now) that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Dugalds, that ever wore bottomless breeks, driving about wi' him, to set things a-stear again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably weel settled. But

Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gi'e him his fairing, I'll be caution for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the horseman.

"I heard it wi' my ain lugs," answered Cuddie, "foretauld to him by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Drumshinnel."

"Indeed?" said the stranger; "I can hardly believe you, my friend."

"Ye might ask my mother then, if she were in life," said Cuddie; "it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At ony rate, he spake of the casting out of the Stuarts by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Claver'se and his dragoons. They ca'd the man Habbakuk Mucklewrath; his brain was awee agee, but he was a braw preacher for a' that."

"You seem," said the stranger, "to live in a rich and peaceful country."

"It's no to complain o', sir, an' we get the crap weel in," quoth Cuddie; "but if ye had seen the blude rinnin' as fast on the tap o' that brigg yonder as ever the water ran below it, ye wadna hae thought it sae bonnie a spectacle."

"You mean the battle some years since? —I was waiting upon Monmouth that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action," said the stranger.

"Then ye saw a bonny stour," said Cuddie, "that sall serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life.—I judged ye wad be a trooper by your red scarlet lace-coat and your looped hat."

"And which side were you upon, my friend?" continued the inquisitive stranger.

"Aha, lad!" retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such—"there's nae use in telling that, unless I kenn'd wha was asking me."

"I commend your prudence, but it is unnecessary; I know you acted upon that occasion as servant to Henry Morton."

"Ay!" said Cuddie, in surprise, "how came ye by that secret?—No that I need care a bodle about it, for the sun's on our side o' the hedge now. I wish my master were living to get a blink o't."

"And what became of him?" said the rider.

"He was lost in the vessel gaun to that weary Holland—clean lost—and a' body perished, and my poor master amang them. Neither man nor mouse was ever heard o' mair." Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"You had some regard for him, then?" continued the stranger.

"How could I help it?—His face was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a' body that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was. O, an' ye had but seen him down at the brigg there, fleeing about like a fleeing dragon to gar folk

fight that had unco little will till't! There was he and that sour whigamore they ca'd Burley—if twa men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day."

"You mention Burley—Do you know if he yet lives?"

"I kenna muckle about him. Folk say he was abroad, and our sufferers wad hold no communion wi' him, because o' his having murdered the archbishop. Sae he cam hame ten times dourer than ever, and broke aff wi' mony of the Presbyterians; and, at this last incoming of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae countenance nor command for fear of his devilish temper, and he hasna been heard of since; only some folks say, that pride and anger hae driven him clean wud."

"And—and," said the traveller, after considerable hesitation,—"do you know any thing of Lord Evandale?"

"Div I ken ony thing o' Lord Evan-

dale?—Div I no? Is not my young leddy up by yonder at the house, that's as good as married to him?"

"And are they not married, then?" said the rider, hastily.

"No; only what they ca' betrothed—my wife and I were witnesses—it's no mony months by past—it was a lang courtship—few folk kenn'd the reason by Jenny and mysel.—But will ye no light down? I douna bide to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are casting up thick in the west ower Glasgow-ward, and maist skeily folk think that bodes rain."

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the setting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

"The de'il's in this man," said Cuddie to himself; "I wish he would either light aff or ride on, that he may quarter himsel in Hamilton or the shower begin."

But the rider sate motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last

question, like one exhausted by some uncommon effort. At length, recovering himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie, "if ady Margaret Bellenden still lived."

"She does," replied Cuddie, "but in a very sma' way. They hae been a sad changed family since thae rough times began; they hae suffered aneugh first and last—and to lose the auld Tower, and a' the bonny barony and the holms that I hae pleughed sae often, and the Mains and my kale-yard that I suld hae gotten back again, and a' for naething, as a' body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tillietudlem."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice and averting his head. "I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?"

"It's but a corner of a place, sir," said

Cuddie, "but we'se try, rather than ye suld ride on in the rain and thunner; for, to be free wi' you, sir, I think ye seem no that ower weel."

"I am liable to a dizziness," said the stranger, "but it will soon wear off."

"I ken we can gi'e you a decent supper, sir," said Cuddie; "and we'll see about a bed as weel as we can. We wad be laith a stranger suld lack what we have, though we are jimply provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has sae mony bairns, (God bless them and her,) that troth I maun speak to Lord Evandale to gi'e us a bit eik, or outshot o' some sort, to the onstead."

"I shall be easily accommodated," said the stranger, as he entered the house.

"And ye may rely on your naig being weel sorted," said Cuddie; "I ken weel what belongs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gude ane."

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wife to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accom-

modation. The officer entered, and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, and carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny, or Mrs Headrigg, if the reader pleases, requested him to lay aside the cloak, belt, and flapped-hat which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert the time till Cuddie's return, he entered into some chat with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER IX.

What tragic tears bedim the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

LOGAN.

CUDDIE soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly suppered up, and that the gude-wife should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gi'e him."

"Are the family at the house?" said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

"No, stir; they're awa' wi' a' the servants—they keep only twa now-a-days, and my gude-wife, there, has the keys

and the charge, though she's no a fee'd servant. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were there, we behoved na to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa', they will be weel pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Bellenden wad help a' the haill warld an' her power were as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Leddy Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's no ill to the poor bodies neither—And now, wife, what for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sowens?"

"Never mind, lad," rejoined Jenny, "ye sall hae them in gude time; I ken weel that ye like your brose het."

Cuddie fidgetted, and laughed with a peculiar expression of intelligence at this repartee, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence betwixt his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question—"Can you

tell me when Lord Evandale's marriage takes place?"

"Very soon, we expect," answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; "it would hae been ower afore now, but for the death o' auld Major Bellenden."

"The excellent old man!" said the stranger; "I heard at Edinburgh he was no more—Was he long ill?"

"He couldna be said to haud up his head after his brother's wife and his niece were turned out of their ain house; and he had himsel sair borrowing siller to stand the law—but it was in the latter end o' King James's days—and Basil Olifant, who claimed the estate, turned a papist to please the managers, and then naething was to be refused him, sae the law gaed again the leddies at last, after they had fought a weary sort o' years about it, and, as I said before, the Major ne'er held up his head again. And then cam the pitting awa' o' the Stuart line; and, though he

had but little reason to like them, he couldna brook that, and it clean broke the heart o' him, and creditors cam to Charnwood and cleaned out a' that was there—he was never rich, the gude auld man, for he dow'd na see ony body want."

"He was, indeed," said the stranger, with a faultering voice, "an admirable man—that is, I have heard that he was so.—So the ladies were left without fortune as well as without a protector?"

"They will neither want the tane nor the tother while Lord Evandale lives," said Jenny; "he has been a true friend in their griefs—E'en to the house they live in is his Lordship's; and never man, as my auld gudemother Mause used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served sae lang and sae sair for a wife as gude Lord Evandale has dune."

"And why," said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion, "why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"There was the law-suit to be ended," said Jenny readily, "forby many other family arrangements."

"Na, but," said Cuddie, "there was another reason forby; for the young leddy"——

"Whisht, haud your tongue, and sup your sowens," said his wife; "I see the gentleman's far frae weel, and downa eat our coarse supper—I wad kill him a chicken in an instant."

"There is no occasion," said the stranger; "I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone."

"You'll gi'e yoursel the trouble then to follow me," said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, "and I'll shew you the way."

Cuddie also proffered his assistance; but his wife reminded him, "That the bairns would be left to fight thegither, and coup ane anither into the fire," so that he remained to take charge of the menage.

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets

of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny undid the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-sashed door, which she opened with a master key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, asked pardon for leaving him there for a few minutes, until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but, when she returned, was startled to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn sobs that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She prudently drew back until he raised his head, and then shewing herself, without seeming to have observed his agitation, informed him, that his bed was prepared. The stranger gazed

at her a moment, as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated them, and only bending his head, as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bed-chamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Evandale when a guest at Fairy-knowe, connecting, on one side, with a little china-cabinet which opened to the garden, and, on the other, with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as speedily as she could to her own mansion.

"O, Cuddie!" she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, "I doubt we're ruined folk!"

"How can that be? What's the matter wi' ye?" returned the imperturbed Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at any thing.

"Wha d'ye think yon gentleman is?—

O, that ever ye suld hae asked him to light here!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Why, wha the muckle de'il d'ye say he is? There's nae law against harbouring and intercommunicating now," said Cuddie; "sae, whig or tory, what need we care whae he be?"

"Ay, but it's ane will ding Lord Evandale's marriage ajee yet, if it's no the better looked to," said Jenny; "it's Miss Edith's first joe, your ain auld master, Cuddie."

"The de'il, woman!" exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, "trow ye that I am blind? I wad hae kenn'd Mr Harry Morton amang a hunder."

"Ay, but, Cuddie lad," replied Jenny, "though ye are no blind, ye are no sae notice-taking as I am."

"Weel, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did ye see about the man that was like our Maister Harry?"

"I will tell ye," said Jenny; "I jaloused

his keeping his face frae us, and speaking wi' a made-like voice, sae I e'en tried him wi' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spake o' the brose, ye ken, he didna just laugh—he's ower grave for that now-a-days,—but he gae a gledge wi' his e'e that I kenn'd he took up what I said. And a' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I ne'er saw a man mair tane down wi' true love in my days—I might say man or woman—only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first gat word that him and you (ye muckle graceless loon) were coming against Tillietudlem wi' the rebels.—But what's the matter wi' the man now?"

"What's the matter wi' me, indeed!" said Cuddie, who was again hastily putting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of, "am I no gaun up this instant to see my maister?"

"Indeed, Cuddie, ye are gaun nae sic gate," said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

"The de'il's in the wife," said Cuddie;

"d'ye think I am to be John Tamson's man, and maistered by women a' the days o' my life?"

"And wha's man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to maister ye but me, Cuddie lad?" answered Jenny. "I'll gar ye comprehend in the making of a hay-band. Naebody kens that this young gentleman lives but oursels, and frae that he keeps himsel up sae close, I am judging that he's purposing, if he fand Miss Edith either married, or just gaun to be married, he wad just slide awa' easy and gi'e them nae mair trouble.—But if Miss Edith kenn'd that he was living, and if she were standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it was tauld to her, she wad say no when she suld say yes."

"Weel," replied Cuddie, "and what's my business wi' that? if Miss Edith likes her auld joe better than her new ane, what for suld she no be free to change her mind like ither folk?—Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday

aye threeps he had a promise frae yoursel."

"Halliday's a liar, and ye're a gomeril to hearken till him, Cuddie. And then for this leddy's choice, lack-a-day!—ye may be sure a' the gowd Mr Morton has is on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Leddy Margaret and the young leddy?"

"Isna there Milnwood?" said Cuddie. "Nae doubt, the auld laird left his housekeeper the life-rent as he heard nought o' his nephew; but it's but speaking the auld wife fair, and they may a' live brawly thegither, Leddy Margaret and a'."

"Hout tout, lad," replied Jenny, "ye ken them little to think leddies o' their rank wad set up house wi' auld Ailie Wilson, when they're maist ower proud to tak favours frae Lord Evandale himsel. Na, na, they maun follow the camp, if she tak Morton."

"That wad sort ill wi' the auld leddy, to be sure," said Cuddie; "she wad hard-

ly win ower a lang day in the baggage-wain."

"Then sic a flyting as there wad be between them a' about whig and tory," continued Jenny.

"To be sure," said Cuddie, "the auld leddy's unco kittle in thae points."

"And then, Cuddie," continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument to the last, "if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free-house, and the kale-yard, and the cow's grass?—I trow that us and thae bonny bairns will be turned on the wide warld."

Here Jenny began to whimper—Cuddie writhed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length, "Weel, woman, canna ye tell us what we suld do, without a' this din about it?"

"Just do naething at a'," said Jenny. "Never seem to ken ony thing about this gentleman, and for your life say a word

that he suld hae been here or up at the house.—An' I had kenn'd I wad hae gi'en him my ain bed, and sleepit in the byre or he had gane up by, but it canna be helpit now. The neist thing's to get him cannily awa' the morn, and I judge he'll be in nae hurry to come back again."

"My puir maister!" said Cuddie; "and maun I no speak to him, then?"

"For your life, no," said Jenny; "ye're no obliged to ken him; and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I feared ye wad ken him in the morning."

"Aweel," said Cuddie, sighing heavily, "I'se awa' to pleugh the outfield then; for, if I am no to speak to him, I wad rather be out o' the gate."

"Very right, my dear," replied Jenny; "naebody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wi' ane ower your affairs, but ye suld ne'er do ony thing aff hand out o' your ain head."

"Ane wad think it's true," quoth Cuddie; "for I hae aye had some carline, or

quean or another, to gar me gang their gate instead o' my ain. There was first my mother," he continued, as he undressed and tumbled himself into bed—" than there was Leddy Margaret didna let me ca my soul my ain—than my mother and her quarrelled, and pu'ed me twa ways at ance, as if ilk ane had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the Baker at the fair—and now I hae gotten a wife," he murmured in continuation, as he stowed the blankets around his person, " and she's like to tak the guiding o' me a' thegither."

" And am na I the best guide ye ever had in a' your life?" said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband, and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader, that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horseback, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fairy-knowe, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly re-

cognized as Miss Bellenden, and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Evandale.

"Had I no better gang to the house to put things to rights?" said Jenny, confounded with this unexpected apparition.

"We want nothing but the pass-key," said Miss Bellenden; "Gudyill will open the windows of the little parlour."

"The little parlour's locked, and the lock's spoiled," answered Jenny, who recollected the local sympathy between that apartment and the bed-chamber of her guest.

"In the red parlour, then," said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Morton had been conducted.

"All will be out," thought Jenny, "unless I can get him smuggled out of the house the back way."

So saying, she sped up the bank in great tribulation and uncertainty.

"I had better hae said at ance there was a stranger there," was her next natural reflection. "But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O, Lord! what will I do?—And there's Gudyill walking in the garden, too!" she exclaimed internally on approaching the wicket—"and I daurna gang in the back way till he's aff the coast. O, Lord! what will become of us?"

In this state of perplexity she approached the *ci-devant* butler, with the purpose of decoying him out of the garden. But John Gudyill's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many peevish people, too, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to teaze those whom he conversed with; and, upon the present occasion, all Jenny's efforts to remove him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had commenced florist during his residence at

Fairy-knowe, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers which he had taken under his special protection, and which he propped, dug, and watered, prosing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. So soon as the ladies entered the house, they observed that the door of the little parlour, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of excluding them on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Bellenden was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, commanding the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

"He is not yet come," she said. "What can your brother possibly mean?—Why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? And why not come to Castle-Dinnan, as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him."

"Evandale was never capricious," answered his sister; "I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not, I will help you to scold him."

"What I chiefly fear," said Edith, "is his having engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Claverhouse and his army, and I believe he would have joined them ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular that one so rational and so deeply sensible of the errors of the exiled family, should be ready to risk all for their restoration!"

"What can I say?" answered Lady Emily; "it is a point of honour with Evandale. Our family have always been loyal—he served long in the Guards—the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years—he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inactivity to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connections, and early predilections, influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Evandale will continue quiet, though, to tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so."

"And how is it in my power?" said Miss Bellenden.

"You can furnish him with the scriptural apology for not going forth with the host, —'he has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.'"

"I have promised," said Edith, in a faint voice; "but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time."

"Nay," said Lady Emily, "I will leave Evandale (and here he comes) to plead his own cause."

"Stay, stay, for God's sake," said Edith, endeavouring to detain her.

"Not I, not I," said the young lady, making her escape; "the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast, I will be found in the willow-walk by the river."

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Evandale entered—"Good-morrow, brother, and goodbye till breakfast-time," said the lively young lady; "I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning."

And so saying, she left them together without waiting a reply.

"And now, my Lord," said Edith, "may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?"

She was about to add, that she hardly felt herself excuseable in having complied

with it; but, upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—" For God's sake, what is the matter?"

" His Majesty's faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair of Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee"——

" Has fallen?" said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

" True—most true—he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a man remains of talents and influence sufficient to fill up his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporizing with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening."

" Do not think of it, my Lord," answered Edith; " your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an adven-

ture so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the force of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?"

"Listen to me, Edith," said Lord Evandale. "I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor are my present motives of such light importance as to affect only those personally dependent on myself. The Life-Guards, with whom I served so long, although new-modelled and new-officered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master"—(and here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears)—"When my foot is known to be in the stirrup, two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper's service, and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the Low Countries;—but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take

that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves? Meantime, the zeal of the soldiers will die away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death."

"And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a step of such dreadful moment?"

"I will," said Lord Evandale—"I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it."

"And all for the sake," continued Miss Bellenden, "of a prince, whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Evandale?"

"Most true," replied Lord Evandale; "and as I resented, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a free-born subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights, when he is in adversity, like a loyal

one. Let courtiers and sycophants flatter power and desert misfortune, I will neither do the one nor the other."

"And if you are determined to act what my feeble judgment must still term rashly, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?"

"Were it not enough to answer," said Lord Evandale, "that ere rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride?—surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and shewing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motive for a request so natural."

"But why in this place, my Lord?" said Edith—why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?"

"Because," he replied, putting a letter into her hand, "I have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when prefaced by these credentials."

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

"My dearest childe," such was its tenor in style and spelling, "I never more deeply regretted the reumatizm, which disqualified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Fairy-knowe, with my poor dear Willie's only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer, as because it hath now not given way either to cammomile poultices or to decoxion of wild mustard, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Evandale is called to the present campaign, both by his honour and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be knitted before his departure to the wars between you and him, in implement of the indenture formerly entered into for that effeck, whereuntill, as I see no raisonable objexion, so

I trust that you, who have been always a good and obedient childe, will not devize any which has less than raison. It is trew that the contraxs of our house have heretofore been celebrated in a manner more befitting our Rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own free-will, as well as those of the kingdom where we live, to take away from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when they were struggling as sorely with masterful usurpers and rebels as they are now; that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured our poor house of Tillietudlem, by taking his *disjune* therein," &c. &c. &c.

We will not abuse the reader's patience

by quoting more of Lady Margaret's prolix epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to consent to the solemnization of her marriage without loss of time.

"I never thought till this instant," said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, "that Lord Evandale would have acted ungenerously."

"Ungenerously, Edith?" replied her lover. "And how can you apply such a term to my desire to call you mine, ere I part from you perhaps for ever?"

"Lord Evandale ought to have remembered," said Edith, "that when his perseverance, and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition, that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative, to hurry me with precipitate and

even indelicate importunity. There is more selfishness than generosity, my Lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation."

Lord Evandale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke—"I should have escaped this painful charge, durst I at once have mentioned to Miss Bellenden my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably despise on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my forfeiture as a traitor, by the usurping government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange, or some Dutch favourite. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty. Vested with the rights and provisions of Lady Evandale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having condescended to share the

title and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her."

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected, and was compelled to acknowledge, that Lord Evandale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "such is the waywardness with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot," (she burst into tears,) "suppress a degree of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons."

"We have already fully considered this painful subject," said Lord Evandale; "and I hoped, my dear Edith, your own enquiries, as well as mine, had fully convinced you that these regrets were fruitless."

"Fruitless indeed!" said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and scarcely composed herself upon Lord Evandale's assurances, that she

had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

"It sounded strangely distinct," she said, "and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest trifle agitates them."

Lord Evandale eagerly attempted to sooth her alarm and reconcile her to a measure, which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim in virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of insuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had evinced by so many and such various services. These Edith felt the more the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardour, excepting a causeless reluctance, which she was herself ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony

performed upon such hasty notice, at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Evandale was prepared, and he explained, with joyful alacrity, that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the Lodge with a faithful domestic, once a non-commissioned officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Headrigg and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Evandale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was solemnized, a circumstance which, had their union been public, must have drawn upon him the attention of the government as being altogether unaccountable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his

sister to attend his bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joining with most who knew him in thinking, that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Evandale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all those ordinary topics of consolation —when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as pale as marble—when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her

arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of hurt pride and pettish displeasure.

"I must own," she said, "that I am something at a loss to understand all this, Miss Bellenden. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonourable or highly disagreeable connection. I think I can answer for Lord Evandale, that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say, that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Bellenden; but your present distress augurs ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say, that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and dolour, and that they seem an odd return for an attach-

ment which he has manifested so long and in so many ways."

"You are right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faultering voice and the paleness of her cheeks—"You are quite right—Lord Evandale merits such usage from no one, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and irresistible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause; that I have hid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife undeserving of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrances. It shall be so no longer; my lot is cast with Evandale, and with him I am resolved to bear it; nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints, or the resentment

of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusion recal the memory of other days"——

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of the apartment, which was partly open, uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Dennison, but strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recal Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

"Press me no further," she said to Lord Evandale; "it cannot be—Heaven and

earth — the living and the dead, have leagued themselves against this ill-omened union.—Take all I can give—my sisterly regard—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage."

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

"Emily," he said to his sister, "this is your doing—I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here—some of your confounded folly has driven her mad."

"On my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, "you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister who has been arguing in your cause, and had brought her to a quiet hearing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at a window, whom her crazed sensibility mistook either for you or some one else, and has treated us gratis with an excellent tragic scene."

"What man?—What window?" said Lord Evandale, in impatient displeasure. "Miss Bellenden is incapable of trifling with me, and yet what else could have"—

"Hush! hush!" said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further enquiry; "for Heaven's sake, my Lord, speak low; my Lady begins to recover."

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retreated, Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity, Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment than Edith beckoned Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

"Forgive me, my Lord!" she exclaimed —"Forgive me!—I must deal most untruly by you, and break a solemn engage-

ment. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more; you have my word and my faith—But, O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!"

"You dream, my dearest Edith!" said Evandale, perplexed in the utmost degree—"you let your imagination beguile you; this is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind; the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness."

"You are mistaken, Lord Evandale," said Edith, solemnly. "I am not a sleep-walker or a mad woman. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But, having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes."

"Seen *him?*—seen whom?" asked Lord Evandale, in great anxiety.

"Henry Morton," replied Edith, utter-

ing these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

"Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale, "you treat me like a fool or a child; if you repent your engagement to me," he continued, indignantly, "I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling."

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing less than imposture was intended, and that by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by unaffected awe and terror. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavouring to sooth and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

"I saw him!" she repeated—"I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him for ever.

His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was examined by Claverhouse at Tillietudlem. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I.—I know what has called him up—he came to upbraid me, that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dead sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My Lord, it is ended between you and me—be the consequences what they will, she cannot marry whose union disturbs the repose of the dead."

"Good Heaven!" said Evandale, as he paced the room, half mad himself with surprise and vexation, "her fine understanding must be totally overthrown, and that by the effort which she has made to comply with my ill-timed, though well-meant, request. Without rest and attention her health is ruined for ever."

At this moment the door opened, and Halliday, who had been Lord Evandale's principal personal attendant since they both left the Guards on the Revolution, stumbled into the room with a countenance as pale and ghastly as terror could paint it.

"What is the matter next, Halliday?" cried his master, starting up. "Any discovery of the"——

He had just recollection sufficient to stop short in the midst of the dangerous sentence.

"No, sir," said Halliday, "it is not that, nor any thing like that; but I have seen a ghost!"

"A ghost! you eternal idiot!" said Lord Evandale, forced altogether out of his patience. "Has all mankind sworn to go mad in order to drive me so?—What ghost, you simpleton?"

"The ghost of Henry Morton, the whig captain at Bothwell Bridge," replied Halli-

day. "He passed by me like a fire-flaught when I was in the garden!"

"This is mid-summer madness," said Lord Evandale, "or there is some strange villainy afloat.—Jenny, attend your Lady to her chamber, while I endeavour to find a clew to all this."

But Lord Evandale's enquiries were in vain. Jenny, who might have given (had she chosen) a very satisfactory explanation, had an interest to leave the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which now weighed principally with Jenny, since the possession of an active and affectionate husband in her own proper right had altogether allayed her spirit of coquetry. She had made the best use of the first moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any one having slept in the apartment adjoining to the parlour, and even to erase the mark of footsteps beneath the window through which she conjectured Morton's face had been seen while at-

tempting, ere he left the garden, to gain one look at her whom he had so long loved, and was now on the point of losing for ever. That he had passed Halliday in the garden was equally clear; and she learned from her elder boy, whom she had employed to have the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child a guinea, and, mounting his horse, ridden with fearful rapidity down towards the Clyde. The secret was, therefore, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

"For, to be sure," she said, "although her lady and Halliday kenn'd Mr Morton by broad daylight, that was nae reason I suld own to kenning him in the gloaming and by candle-light, and him keeping his face frae Cuddie and me a' the time."

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when examined by Lord Evandale. As for Halliday, he could only say, that as he entered the garden-door, the supposed ap-

parition met him walking swiftly, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

"He knew him well," he said, "having been repeatedly guard upon him, and obliged to write down his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like Mr Morton's."

But what should make him haunt the country where he was neither hanged nor shot, he, the said Halliday, did not pretend to conceive.

Lady Emily confessed she had seen the face of a man at the window, but her evidence went no farther. John Gudyill deponed *nil novit in causa.* He had left his gardening to get his morning dram just at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Emily's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was not another being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Evandale returned perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree, at behold-

ing a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances, than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought so very near perfection, thus broken off without any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of covering any capricious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an overstrained imagination, agitated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the coinciding testimony of Halliday, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Bellenden's vision when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the Vryheid of Rotterdam went down with

crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly shew himself, since the present government favoured his party in politics. When Lord Evandale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on dæmonology, in which, after quoting Delrio, and Burthoog, and De L'Ancre, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry civilians and common lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit or to deny; or else, that the said Henry Morton, being still in *rerum natura*, had appeared in his proper person that morning; or, finally, that some strong *deceptio visus*, or

striking similitude of person, had deceived the eyes of Miss Bellenden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Bellenden was declared to be dangerously ill.

"I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation."

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister as well as of Lady Margaret Bellenden, (who, in despite of her rheumatism, caused herself to be transported thither when she heard of her grand-daughter's illness,) rendered a step equally natural and

delicate. And thus he anxiously awaited, until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation ere his departure on his expedition.

"She shall never," said the generous young man, "look on her engagement with me as the means of fettering her to a union, the idea of which seems almost to unhinge her understanding."

CHAPTER X.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shades!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.
Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

It is not by corporeal wants and infirmities only, that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his actions. It was during such

a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy-knowe. To know that his long-loved and still-beloved Edith, whose image had filled his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services, as hardly left her a title to refuse his addresses, bitter as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow. During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell for ever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he half hoped, for many a day, that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addresed, and Morton, ignorant of its miscarriage, could only conclude himself laid aside and forgotten, according to his own self-denying request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Bellenden as the betrothed bride

of Lord Evandale; and, even if freed from the burthen of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with his generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, prescribed by absence and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why then did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had now rendered the retreat of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, near whose mansion he must necessarily pass, were absent, and, learning that Cuddie and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist pausing at their cottage, to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Evandale had made in the affections of Miss Bellenden—alas!

no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy-knowe, conscious that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled, by faith and honour, to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Evandale and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud—"Edith, I yet live!"—and as often the recollection of her plighted troth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, (to whose influence with Claverhouse he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death) withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed forcibly these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

"No, Edith!" was his internal oath, "never will I add a thorn to thy pillow—That which Heaven has ordained let it be, and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom's weight to the burden that thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing within hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little closet and the sashed door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parlour window afforded to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith

seemed to have her eyes unalterably bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her raising them suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognizing, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road rather than the public route to Hamilton.

In all probability this prevented Lord Evandale from learning that he was actually in existence, for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Killiecrankie, had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept on all the passes, for fear of some commotion among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post centinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass

westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the apparition, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Evandale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had summoned up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Halliday had, in some unaccountable manner, been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but, throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge

which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his sword-belt, were the first incidents which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he bestrode. A perfect master of all manly exercises, the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain, or holm, which seemed to promise an easy egress from the river. In the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground, and nearly fell backwards on his rider. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recal the human mind to some degree of equipoize, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his

self-possession. A third attempt at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, succeeded better than the former, and placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the further bank of the Clyde.

"But whither," said Morton, in the bitterness of his heart, "am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so forlorn betakes himself? I would to God, could the wish be without a sin, that these dark waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recollection of that which was, and that which is."

The sense of impatience, which the disturbed state of his feelings had occasioned, scarcely had vented itself in these violent expressions, ere he was struck with shame at having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how marvellously the life, which he now held so lightly in the bitterness of his disappointment, had been preserved through the almost

incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public career.

"I am a fool!" he said, "and worse than a fool, to set light by that which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner. Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to bear my sorrows like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen,—what have I heard but the very conclusion of that which I knew was to happen? They"—(he durst not utter their names, even in soliloquy)—"they are embarrassed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?"

As he pondered upon this topic, forcibly withdrawing his mind from his own disappointment, and compelling its attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed

husband, the letter of Burley, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory, like a ray of light darting through a mist.

"Their ruin must have been his work," was his internal conclusion—"If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by information obtained from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright rectitude of purpose has more than once prevailed with him. I will seek him out, at least, and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from him may have on the fortunes of those whom I shall never see more, and who will probably never learn that I am now suppressing my own grief to add, if possible, to their happiness."

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the high-road, and as all the tracks through the valley were known to him since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other difficulty than

that of surmounting one or two enclosures, ere he found himself on the road to the small burgh where the feast of the popinjay had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind sad indeed and dejected; yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; for virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Burley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favourable to her in whose cause he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of guiding himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting, that, from Cuddie's account of a schism betwixt Burley and his brethren of the presbyterian persuasion, he might find him less rancorously disposed against Miss Bellenden, and inclined to exert the power which he

asserted that he possessed over her fortunes more favourably than heretofore.

Noontide had passed away when our traveller found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased uncle's habitation of Milnwood. It rose among glades and groves that were chequered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Morton that mournful impression, soft and affecting, yet, withal, soothing, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

"Old Alison," he thought, "will not know me, more than the honest couple whom I saw yesterday. I may indulge my curiosity, and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they said my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion—Well—be it so. I have enough to sorrow for,

besides lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet methinks he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame, to a line of respectable, if not distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more."

The house of Milnwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be doubled under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Every thing indeed was in repair; there were no slates deficient upon the steep grey roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the court-yard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spiders had fairly drawn their webs over the door-way and the staples. Living sight or sound there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it

was usual to reconnoitre visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alison, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a *toy*, from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

"I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wilson who resides here," said Henry.

"She's no at hame the day," answered Mrs Wilson, *in propria persona*, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of denying herself; "and ye are but a mislear'd person to speer for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson of Milnwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally

smiling at finding in old Ailie the same jealousy of disrespect which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—" I beg pardon; I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad, that I have almost forgotten my own language."

" Did ye come frae foreign parts?" said Ailie; " then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country that they ca' Henry Morton?"

" I have heard," said Morton, " of such a name in Germany."

" Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or stay—gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a laigh door; it's on the latch, for it's never barred till sunset.—Ye'll open't—and tak care ye dinna fa' ower the tub, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll haud straught forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's a'

the kitchen that's at Milnwood now—and I'll come down t'ye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye may very safely tell it to me."

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen, but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of these streights to experience danger, either from the Scylla which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar-stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unlike to the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of recognition.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his form-

er favourite. "I am so changed that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me."

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an annunciation which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparations for housekeeping, which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighbourhood, was husbanded with the closest attention to economy of fuel, and the small pipkin, in which was preparing the dinner of the old woman and her maid-of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, intimated, by its thin and watery vapour, that Ailie had not mended her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance—the features in which an irritable peevishness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a temper naturally affectionate and good-natured—the coif—the apron—the blue checked gown, were all those of old Ailie; but laced pinners, hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of decoration, marked the difference between Mrs Wilson of Milnwood and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs Wilson, sir?—I am Mrs Wilson," was her first address; for the five minutes time which she had gained for the business of the toilette, entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and shine forth on her guest in unchastened splendour. Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much, that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But as

he had not determined what character he was to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent. Mrs Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' me, sir? Ye said ye kenn'd Mr Harry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Henry; "it was of one Silas Morton I spoke."

The old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father then ye kent o', the brother o' the late Milnwood,—ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think—he was come hame afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news of poor Maister Harry."

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Henry; "of the son I know little or nothing; rumour says he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's ower like to be true, and mony

a tear it's cost my auld e'en. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough'd awa' wi' it in his mouth. He had been gi'eing me preceeze directions anent the bread and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company, (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, pains-taking man) and then he said, said he, 'Ailie,' (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance) 'Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's ga'en out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spake a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude aneugh to see to die wi'.—He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table."

While Mrs Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, re-

covered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, "Down, Elphin! Down, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—"ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common ane. And the creature kens you too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—"God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered—

"I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country."

"Friends!" exclaimed Ailie, "ye'll hae mony friends—ye'll hae mony friends; for ye will hae gear, hinny—ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o't! But, eh, sirs!" she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, at more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—"Eh, sirs! ye're sair altered, hinny, your face is turned pale, and your e'en are sunken, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks is turned a' dark and sunburned. O weary on the wars! mony's the comely face they destroy.—And when cam ye here, hinny? And where hae ye been? —And what hae ye been doing?—And what for did ye na write till us?—And how cam ye to pass yoursel for dead?—And

what for did ye come creeping to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gi'e poor auld Ailie sic a start?" she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time ere Morton could overcome his own emotion so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

——————— Aumerle that was,
But that is gone for being Richard's friend,
And, Madam, you must call him Rutland now.

THE scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs Wilson's own matted room, the very same which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. "It was," she said, "better secured against sifting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatisms, and more fitting for her use than the late Milnwood's apartment, honest man, which gave her sad thoughts;" and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, ac-

cording to the invariable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the matted room, therefore, they were settled, surrounded by pickle-pots and conserves of all kinds, which the *ci-devant* housekeeper continued to compound, out of mere habit, although neither she herself, nor any one else, ever partook of the comfits which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common seamen, who had early secured the skiff, and were just putting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and unexpectedly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and of their safety. Landed at Flushing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been in service with his father. By his advice, he shunned going immedi-

ately to the Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder.

"Our Prince," said the veteran, "must, as yet, keep terms with his father-in-law, and with your King Charles; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish malcontent would render it imprudent for him to distinguish you by his favour. Wait, therefore, his orders, without forcing yourself on his notice; observe the strictest prudence and retirement; assume for the present a different name; shun the company of the British exiles; and, depend upon it, you will not repent your prudence."

The old friend of Silas Morton argued justly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town where Morton, impatient at his situation and the incognito which he was obliged to observe, still continued, nevertheless, to be a resident. He had an hour of private interview assigned, in which

the Prince expressed himself highly pleased with his intelligence, his prudence, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the factions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

"I would willingly," said William, "attach you to my own person, but that cannot be without giving offence in England. But I will do as much for you, as well out of respect for the sentiments you have expressed, as for the recommendations you have brought me. Here is a commission in a Swiss regiment at present in garrison in a distant province, where you will meet few or none of your countrymen. Continue to be Captain Melville, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days."

"Thus began my fortune," continued Morton; "and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by his Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands must excuse my silence to my few friends in Scotland; and

I wonder not at the report of my death, considering the wreck of the vessel, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some of them, a circumstance which must have confirmed the belief that I had perished."

"But, dear hinny," asked Mrs Wilson, "did ye find nae Scotch body at the Prince of Oranger's court that kenn'd ye? I wad hae thought Morton o' Milnwood was kenn'd a' through the country."

"I was purposely engaged in distant service," said Morton, "until a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, Ailie, would have known the stripling Morton in Major-General Melville."

"Malville was your mother's name," said Mrs Wilson; "but Morton sounds far bonnier in my auld lugs. And when ye tak up the lairdship, ye maun tak the auld name and designation again."

"I am like to be in no haste to do ei-

ther the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to conceal my being alive from every one but you; and, as for the lairdship of Milnwood, it is in as good hands."

"As good hands, hinny!" re-echoed Ailie; "I'm hopefu' ye are no meaning mine? The rents and the lands are but a sair fash to me. And I'm ower failed to tak a help-mate, though Wylie Mactrickit the writer was very pressing and spak very civilly; but I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before me. He canna whillywha me as he's dune mony a ane. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wad get my pickle meal and my soup milk, and keep a' things right about ye as I used to do in your puir uncle's time, and it wad be just pleasure aneugh for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear canny—Ye'll hae learned that in Holland, I'se warrant, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell—But ye'll be for keeping rather a mair house than puir auld Miln-

wood that's gane; and, indeed, I would approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as aften as three times a-week—it keeps the wind out o' the stamack."

"We will talk of all this another time," said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and sordid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. "You must know," he continued, "that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions."

"E'en be it sae, my jo," replied Ailie, "I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and weel auld Milnwood kenn'd it, honest man, for he tauld me where he keepit his gear, and that's what maist folks like to hae as private as possibly may be.—But

come awa' wi' me, hinny, till I show ye the oak-parlour how grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected hame every day—I loot naebody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' divertisement to me, though whiles the tear wan into my e'e, and I said to mysel, what needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks ony mair? for they'll ne'er come hame that aught it rightfully."

With these words she hauled him away to this *sanctum sanctorum*, the scrubbing and cleansing whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not "dighting his shoon," which shewed that Ailie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-parlour, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an

apartment which he then supposed had not its equal save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed, that the worked worsted-chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind, that the large brass andirons seemed diminished in splendour, that the green worsted tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom, and that the room appeared, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and disconsolate. Yet there were two objects, "The counterfeit presentment of two brothers," which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

"It was an idle fancy," Ailie said, "to dress the honest auld man in thae expensive fal-lalls that he ne'er wore in his life, instead o' his douce Raploch grey, and his band wi' the narrow edging."

In private, Morton could not help being much of her opinion; for any thing approaching to the dress of a gentleman sate as ill on the ungainly person of his relative as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now extricated himself from Ailie to visit some of his haunts in the neighbouring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing; an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which, for any event of less importance than the arrival of Henry Morton, might have cackled on to a good old age, ere Ailie could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and dressing it. The meal was seasoned by talk of old times, and by the plans which Ailie laid

out for futurity, in which she assigned her young master all the prudential habits of her old one, and planned out the dexterity with which she was to exercise her duty as governante. Morton let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and castle-building during moments of such pleasure, and deferred, till some fitter occasion, the communication of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his researches after Burley. He exchanged it for a grey doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, and which Mrs Wilson produced from a chest of walnut-tree, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Morton retained his sword and fire-arms, without which few persons travelled in these unsettled times. When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs Wilson was first thankful "that they fitted

him sae decently, since, though he was nae fatter, yet he looked mair manly than when he was ta'en frae Milnwood."

Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old clothes to be what she called beet-masters to the new, and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Milnwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Morton interrupted her account of its transmigrations to bid her good-bye.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings, by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

"And where are ye gaun?—And what wad ye do that for?—And whar wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye hae been sae mony years frae hame?"

"I feel all the unkindness of it, Ailie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from

you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily."

"But whar are ye gaun, then?" said Ailie, once more. "Saw e'er mortal e'en the like o' you, just to come ae moment, and flee awa' like an arrow out of a bow the neist!"

"I must go down," replied Morton, "to Niel Blane the Piper's Howff; he can give me a bed, I suppose?"

"A bed?—I'se warrant can he," replied Ailie, "and gar ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I dare say ye hae lost your wits in thae foreign parts, to gang and gi'e siller for a supper and a bed, and might hae baith for naething, and thanks t'ye for accepting them."

"I assure you, Ailie," said Morton, desirous to silence her remonstrances, "that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser."

"I dinna see how that can be, if ye begin by gi'eing maybe the feck o' twal shil-

lings Scots for your supper; but young folks are aye venturesome, and think to get siller that way. My puir auld maister took a surer gait, and never parted wi' it when he had anes gotten't."

Persevering in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Ailie, and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would conceal his return until she again saw or heard from him.

"I am not very extravagant," was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town; "but were Ailie and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old creature's heart before a week were out."

CHAPTER XII.

——————— Where's the jolly host
You told me of? 'T has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.

Lovers' Progress.

MORTON reached the borough town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his resumption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favourable to his views in other respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain *incognito*. But a few years of campaigns and wandering had so changed his appearance, that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose brows exhibited the traces of resolution and considerate thought, none would recognize the raw and bashful stripling who won the game of the popinjay. The only

chance was, that here and there some whig, whom he had led to battle, might remember the Captain of the Milnwood Marksmen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed full and frequented as if possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanour of Niel Blane, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in purse as in corpulence; for in Scotland a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous bar-maid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love and war, so apt to perplex her in the exercise of her vocation. Both shewed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented,—went to the stable and saw

his horse accommodated,—then returned to the house, and, seating himself in the public room, (for to request one to himself would, in these days, have been thought an overweening degree of conceit,) he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his victory at the game of the popinjay, a jocular preferment which led to so many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three burghers husbanded their "dribbles o' brandy;" two or three dragoons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inactive times that allowed them no better cheer. Their Cornet did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the curate in his cassock, but he drank a little modicum of *aqua mirabilis* with the grey-cloaked pres-

byterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

"Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will," he thought, as he looked around him, "enough will be found to fill the places which chance renders vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other, as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual difference and the same general resemblance."

After pausing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlord appeared with the pewter measure foaming fresh from the tap, (for bottling wine was not then in fashion,) he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane, who, if he did not positively expect it from every

guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was no whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down, along with his guest, in a secluded nook near the chimney; and, while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, as a part of his expected function, he entered at length upon the news of the country—the births, deaths, and marriages—the change of property—the downfall of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of eloquence, mine host did not care to mingle in his theme, and it was only in answer to a question of Morton, that he replied, with an air of indifference, "Um! ay! we aye hae sodgers amang us, mair or less. There's a wheen German horse doun at Glasgow yonder; they ca' their commander Wittybody, or some sic name, though he's as grave and grewsome an auld Dutchman as e'er I saw."

"Wittenbold, perhaps?" said Morton; "an old man, with grey hair and short black moustaches—speaks seldom?"

"And smokes for ever," replied Niel Blane. "I see your honour kens the man. He may be a very gude man too, for aught I see, that is, considering he is a sodger and a Dutchman; but if he were ten generals, and as mony Wittybodies, he has nae skill in the pipes; he gar'd me stop in the middle o' Torphichan's Rant, the best piece o' music that ever bag gae wind to."

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are not of his corps?"

"Na, na, these are Scots dragoons; our ain auld caterpillars; these were Claver'se lads a while syne, and wad be again, maybe, if he had the lang ten in his hand."

"Is there not a report of his death?" said Morton.

"Troth is there—your honour is right—there is sic a fleeing rumour, but, in my puir opinion, it's lang or the de'il die. I

wad hae the folks here look to themsels. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be doun or I could drink this glass—and whar are they then? A' thae hell-rakers o' dragoons wad be at his whistle in a moment. Nae doubt they're Willie's men e'en now, as they ware James's a while syne—and reason good—they fight for their pay; what else hae they to fight for? They hae neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's ae gude thing o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca' it, folks may speak out afore thae birkies now, and nae fear o' being haul'd awa' to the guard-house, or having the thumikins screwed on your finger-ends, just as I wad drive the screw through a cork."

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confident in the progress he had made in mine host's familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the answer to which rests something of importance,—"Whether Blane knew a woman in that neighbourhood called Elizabeth Maclure?"

"Whether I ken Bessy Maclure?" answered the landlord, with a landlord's laugh—"How can I *but* ken my ain wife's (haly be her rest)—my ain wife's first gudeman's sister, Bessie Maclure? an honest wife she is, but sair she's been trysted wi' misfortunes,—the loss o' twa decent lads o' sons, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it now-a-days; and doucely and decently she has bore her burthen, blaming nane, and condemning nane. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bessie Maclure. And to lose her twa sons, as I was saying, and to hae dragoons clinked down on her for a month bypast—for, be whig or tory uppermost, they aye quarter thae loons on victuallers,—to lose, as I was saying"—

"This woman keeps an inn, then?" interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a puir way," replied Blane, looking round at his own superior accommodations—"a sour browst o' sma' ale that she sells to folk that are ower drouthy

wi' travel to be nice, but naething to ca' a stirring trade or a thriving change-house."

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honour will rest here a' the night?—ye'll hardly get accommodation at Bessie's," said Niel, whose regard for his deceased wife's relative by no means extended to sending company from his own house to hers.

"There is a friend," answered Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take a stirrup cup and enquire the way."

"Your honour had better," answered the landlord, with the perseverance of his calling, "send some ane to warn your friend to come on here."

"I tell you, landlord," answered Morton impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Maclure's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Aweel, sir, ye'll chuse for yoursel, to

be sure; but de'il a guide ye'll need, if ye gae doun the water for twa miles or sae, as gin ye were bound for Milnwood-house, and then tak the first broken disjasked-looking road that makes for the hills—ye'll ken't by a broken ash-tree that stands at the side o' a burn just where the roads meet, and then travel out the path—ye canna miss Widow Maclure's public, for de'il another house or hauld is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry your honour would think of gaun out o' my house the night. But my wife's gude-sister is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gets."

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed him at the ash-tree, where the path led up toward the moors.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced; for just here, when Burley and I were about to separate on the first night we ever met, he was alarm-

ed by the intelligence, that the passes were secured by soldiers laying in wait for him. Beneath that very ash sate the old woman who apprised him of his danger. How strange that my whole fortunes should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without any thing more on my part, than the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to Heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus arranging his reflections betwixt speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow dell which had once been a wood, but was now divested of trees, unless where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a

conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Murmurer that thou art," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his reverie,—"why chafe with the rocks that stop thy

course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom, and an eternity for man when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages!"

Thus moralizing, he passed on till the dell opened, and the banks, receding from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a croft, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, house-leek, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had diverted from their more legitimate pasture. An ill-spelled, and worse written inscription, intimated to the traveller that he might here find

refreshment for man and horse ;—no unacceptable intimation, rude as the hut appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trode in approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble asylum.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some such spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidante."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door; she had hitherto be[illegible]cealed from him by a huge alder-b[illegible]

"Good evening, mothe[illegible]he tra-
velle[illegible] "Your name is [illegible] Ma
lur[illegible]

[illegible]h Maclure, s[illegible] vidd[illegible]
wa[illegible]

[illegible]odge a str[illegible] night
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wic[illegible]nd the w[illegible]ze."
[illegible]n a soldie[illegible]me,"

swered Morton, "and nothing can com amiss to me in the way of entertainment.

"A sodger, sir?" said the old woma with a sigh, "God send ye a bette trade."

"It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you d not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that o a civil gentleman; but I hae seen sa muckle ill wi' sodgering in this poor land, that I am e'en content that I can see na nair o't wi' these sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed he was blind.

I not be troublesome to you, my " said he, compassionately; seems ill calculated for

ed the old woman; the house readily it lassie to help s will look after

refreshment for man and horse;—no unacceptable intimation, rude as the hut appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trode in approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble asylum.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some such spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidante."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door; she had hitherto been concealed from him by a huge alder-bush.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller. "Your name is Mistress Maclure?"

"Elizabeth Maclure, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow's cake and the widow's cruize."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," an-

swered Morton, "and nothing can come amiss to me in the way of entertainment."

"A sodger, sir?" said the old woman with a sigh, "God send ye a better trade."

"It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I hae seen sae muckle ill wi' sodgering in this poor land, that I am e'en content that I can see nae mair o't wi' these sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he, compassionately; "your infirmity seems ill calculated for your profession."

"Na, sir," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily aneugh; and I hae a bit lassie to help me, and the dragoon lads will look after

your horse when they come hame frae their patrole, for a sma' matter; they are civiller now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances, Morton alighted.

"Peggy, my bonny bird," continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, "tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak aff the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dragoons come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a puir ane."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Then out and spak the auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wadna be warn'd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa!"

Old Ballad.

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded, and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was assidu-

ous in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir; I dwell alone, like the widow of Zarephthah. Few guests come to this puir place; and I haena custom eneugh to hire servants. I had anes twa fine sons that lookit after a' thing—But God gives and takes away—His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven—"I was anes better off, that is, worldly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change."

"Indeed! But you are a presbyterian, good mother?"

"I am, sir; praised be the light that shewed me the right way," replied the landlady.

"Then, I should have thought the Re-

volution would have brought you nothing but good."

"If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gude, and freedom of worship to tender consciences, it's little matter what it has brought to a puir blind worm like me."

"Still," replied Morton, "I cannot see how it could possibly injure you."

"It's a lang story, sir. But ae night, sax weeks or thereby, afore Bothwell Brigg, a young gentleman stopped at this puir cottage, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and dune out with riding, and his horse sae weary he couldna drag ae foot after the other, and his foes were close ahint him, and he was ane o' our enemies —What could I do, sir?—You that's a soldier will think me but a silly auld wife —but I fed him, and relieved him, and keepit him hidden till the pursuit was ower."

"And who," said Morton, "dares disapprove of your having done so?"

"I kenna—I gat ill-will about it amang some o' our ain folk. They said I should hae been to him what Jael was to Sisera—But weel I wot I had nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was baith like a woman and a Christian.—And then they said I wanted natural affection to relieve ane that belanged to the band that murdered my twa sons."

"That murdered your two sons?"

"Ay, sir; though maybe ye'll gi'e their deaths another name—The tane fell wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the tother—O, they took him and shot him dead on the green before his mother's face!—My auld e'en dazzled when the shots were looten off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker and weaker ever since that weary day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears, might help on the disorder. But, alas! betraying Lord Evandale's young blood to his enemies' sword wad ne'er hae brought my Ninian and Johnie alive again."

"Lord Evandale?" said Morton in surprise; "Was it Lord Evandale whose life you saved?"

"In troth, even his. And kind he was to me after, and gae me a cow and calf, malt, meal, and siller, and nane durst steer me when he was in power. But we live on an outside bit of Tillietudlem land, and the estate was sair plea'd between Leddy Margaret Bellenden and the present laird, Basil Olifant, and Lord Evandale backed the auld leddy for love o her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, ane o' the best and bonniest lassies in Scotland. But they behuved to gi'e way, and Basil gat the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revoluta, and wha to turn coat faster than the laird? for he said he had been a true whig a' the time, and turned papist only for fashion's sake. And then he got favour, and Lord Evandale's head was under water; for he was ower proud and manfu' to bend to every blast o' wind, though mony a ane may ken as

weel as me, that, be his ain principles as they will, he was nae ill friend to our folk when he could protect us, and far kinder than Basil Olifant that aye keepit the coble head doun the stream. But he was set by and ill looked on, and his word ne'er asked; and then Basil, wha's a revengefu' man, set himsel to vex him in a' shapes, and specially by oppressing and despoiling the auld widow, Bessie Maclure, that saved Lord Evandale's life, and that he was sae kind to. But he's mista'en, if that's his end; for it will be lang or Lord Evandale hears a word frae me about the selling my kye for rent or e'er it was due, or the putting the dragoons on me when the country's quiet, or ony thing else that will vex him—I can bear my ain burden patiently, and warld's loss is the least part o't."

Astonished and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and disinterested resignation, Morton could not help bestowing an execration upon the poor-spi-

rited rascal who had taken such a dastardly course of vengeance.

"Dinna curse him, sir," said the old woman; "I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on his head that sent it. But if ye ken Lord Evandale, bid him look to himsel, for I hear strange words pass atween the soldiers that are lying here, and his name is often mentioned; and the tane o' them has been twice up at Tillietudlem. He's a kind of favourite wi' the Laird, though he was in former times ane o' the maist cruel oppressors ever rade through a country (out-taken Serjeant Bothwell)—they ca' him Inglis."

"I have the deepest interest in Lord Evandale's safety," said Morton, "and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprize him of these suspicious circumstances: And, in return, my good friend, will you indulge me with another ques-

tion? Do you know any thing of Quintin Mackell of Irongray?"

"Do I know *whom?*" echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quintin Mackell of Irongray," repeated Morton; "is there any thing so alarming in the sound of that name?"

"Na, na," answered the woman with hesitation, "but to hear him asked after by a stranger and a soldier—Gude protect us, what mischief is to come next!"

"None by my means, I assure you," said Morton; "the subject of my enquiry has nothing to fear from me, if, as I suppose, this Quintin Mackell is the same with John Bal——"

"Do not mention his name," said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. "I see you have his secret and his password, and I'll be free wi' you. But, for God's sake, speak lound and low. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye seek him not to his hurt.—Ye said ye were a soldier?"

"I said truly; but one he has nothing to fear from. I commanded a party at Bothwell Bridge."

"Indeed?" said the woman. "And verily there is something in your voice I can trust—Ye speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man."

"I trust I am so," said Morton.

"But nae displeasure to you, sir, in thae waefu' times," continued Mrs Maclure, "the hand of brother is against brother, and he fears as mickle almaist frae this government as e'er he did frae the auld persecutors."

"Indeed?" said Morton, in a tone of enquiry; "I was not aware of that. But I am only just now returned from abroad."

"I'll tell ye," said the blind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening that shewed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for, instead of casting a glance of circumspection around, she stoop-

ed her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood, and then continued. "I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has laboured to raise up again the Covenant, burned, broken, and buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now when he went to Holland, far from the countenance and thanks of the great and the comfortable fellowship of the godly, both whilk he was in right to expect, the Prince of Orange wad shew him no favour, and the ministers no godly communion. This was hard to bide for ane that had suffered and done mickle—ower mickle it may be—but why suld I be a judge?—He came back to me and to the auld place o' refuge that had aften received him in his distresses, mair especially before the great day of victory at Drumclog, for I sall ne'er forget how he was bending hither of a' nights in the year on

that e'ening after the play when young Milnwood wan the popinjay; but I warned him off for that time."

"What," exclaimed Morton, "it was you that sate in your red cloak by the high-road, and told him there was a lion in the path?"

"In the name of heaven! wha are ye?" said the old woman, breaking off his narrative in astonishment. "But be wha ye may," she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, "ye can ken naething waur o' me than that I hae been willing to save the life o friend and foe."

"I know no ill of you, Mrs Maclure, and I mean no ill by you—I only wished to show you that I know so much of this person's affairs, that I might be safely entrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, in your narrative."

"There is a strange command in your voice," said the blind woman, "though its tones are sweet. I have little mair to say. The Stuarts hae been dethroned,

and William and Mary reign in their stead, but nae mair word o' the Covenant than if it were a dead letter. They hae taen the indulged clergy, and an Erastian General Assembly of the ance pure and triumphant Kirk of Scotland even into their very arms and bosoms. Our faithfu' champions o' the testimony agree e'en waur wi' this than wi' the open tyranny and apostacy of the persecuting times, for souls are hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fizenless bran instead of the sweet word in season; and mony an hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that might warm him to the great work, has a dry clatter o' morality driven about his lugs, and—"

"In short," said Morton, desirous to stop a discussion which the good old woman, as enthusiastically attached to her religious profession as to the duties of humanity, might probably have indulged

longer—"In short, you are not disposed to acquiesce in this new government, and Burley is of the same opinion?"

"Many of our brethren, sir, are of belief we fought for the Covenant, and fasted, and prayed, and suffered for that grand national league, and now we are like neither to see nor hear tell of that which we suffered, and fought, and fasted, and prayed for.—And anes it was thought something might be made by bringing back the auld family on a new bargain and a new bottom, as, after a', when King James went awa', I understand the great quarrel of the English against him was in behalf of seven unhallowed prelates; and sae, though ae part of our people were free to join wi' the present model, and levied an armed regiment under the Yearl of Angus, yet our honest friend, and others of purity of doctrine and freedom of conscience, were determined to hear the breath o' the Jacobites before they took part again them,

fearing to fa' to the ground like a wall built with unslacked mortar, or from sitting between twa stools."

"They chose an odd quarter," said Morton, "from which to expect freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine."

"O, dear sir! the natural day-spring rises in the east, but the spiritual day-spring may rise in the north, for what we blinded mortals ken."

"And Burley went to the north to seek it?"

"Truly ay, sir; and he saw Claver'se himsel, that they ca' Dundee now."

"The devil he did!" exclaimed Morton, "I would have sworn that meeting would have been the last of one of their lives."

"Na, na, sir; in troubled times, as I understand, there's sudden changes—Montgomery, and Ferguson, and mony ane mair that were King James's greatest faes, are on his side now—Claver'se spake our friend fair, and sent him to consult with

Lord Evandale. But then there was a break off, for Lord Evandale wadna look at, hear, or speak wi' him, and now he's anes wud and aye waur, and roars for revenge again Lord Evandale, and will hear nought of ony thing but burn and slay—and O thae starts o' passion! they unsettle his mind, and gi'e the enemy sair advantages."

"The enemy?" said Morton, "What enemy?"

"What enemy? Are ye acquainted familiarly wi' John Balfour o' Burley, and dinna ken that he has had sair and frequent combats to sustain against the Evil One? Did ye ever see him alone but the Bible was in his hand, and the drawn sword on his knee? did ye never sleep in the same room wi' him, and hear him strive in his dreams with the delusions of Satan? O, ye ken little o' him, if ye have seen him only in fair day-light, for nae man can put the face upon his doleful visits and strifes that he can do. I hae seen him after sic a

strife of agony tremble that an infant might hae held him, while the hair on his brow was drapping as fast as ever my puir thatched roof did in a heavy rain."

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Burley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Milnwood, the report of Cuddie that his senses had become impaired, and some whispers current among the Cameronians, who boasted frequently of Burley's soul-exercises, and his strifes with the foul fiend; which several circumstances led him to conclude that this man himself was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally acute and forcible, not only disguised his superstition from those in whose opinion it might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with epilepsy, could postpone the fits which it occasioned until he was either freed from superintendance, or surrounded by such as held him more highly on ac-

count of these visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs Maclure, that disappointed ambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfall of the party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to aggravate enthusiasm into temporary insanity. It was, indeed, no uncommon circumstance in these singular times, that men like Sir Harry Vane, Harrison, Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams, could, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good sense in difficulties, and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and determined valour. The subsequent part of Mrs Maclure's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

"In the grey of the morning," she said, "my little Peggy sall shew ye the gate to him before the sodgers are up. But ye maun let his hour of danger, as he ca's it, be ower, afore ye venture on him in his

place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She kens his ways weel, for whiles she carries him some little helps that he canna do without to sustain life."

"And in what retreat then," said Morton, "has this unfortunate person found refuge?"

"An awsome place," answered the blind woman, "as ever living creature took refuge in. They ca' it the Black Linn of Linklater—it's a doleful place; but he loves it abune a' others, because he has sae often been in safe hiding there, and it's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But ye'll see't. I hae seen it mysel mony a day syne. I was a daft hempie lassie then, and little thought what was to come o't. Wad ye chuse ony thing, sir, ere ye betake yoursel to your rest, for ye maun stir wi' the first dawn o' the grey light?"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton, and they parted for the evening.

Morton recommended himself to Hea-

ven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragoon horses at the riders' return from their patrole, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER XIV.

The darksome cave they enter, where they found
The accursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.

SPENSER.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish treble voice asked him from without, "If he wad please gang to the Linn or the folk raise?"

He arose upon the invitation, and, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tript lightly before him, through the grey haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the

brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape, as they advanced, turned waster and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock encumbered the side of the valley.

"Is the place still distant?" said Morton.

"Nearly a mile off," answered the girl. "We'll be there belive."

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grannie sends me wi' milk and meal to the Linn," answered the child.

"And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hout na, sir," replied the guide; "nae living creature wad touch sic a bit thing as I am, and grannie says we need never fear ony thing else when we are doing a gude turn."

"Strong in innocence as in triple mail!" said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a decayed thicket, where brambles and thorns supplied the room of the oaks and birches of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and, by a sheep-track, conducted Morton to the brook. A hoarse and sullen roar had in part prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise and even terror. When he emerged from the devious path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a chasm not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulph. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of foaming uproar and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags, which inclosed the

bottom of the waterfall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its tortured waters; far beneath, at the distance of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for that distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a cavern had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness, were very nearly closing and over-roofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of tumult, which seemed, by the surrounding thickets and the clefts into which the waters descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stooping his ear near the speaker, "Hear till him! Eh! hear till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of the cataract, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the stream had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

"This is the way," said the little girl; follow me, gin ye please, sir, but tak' tent to your feet;" and, with the daring agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by notches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steady, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needful for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descended nigh twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the

fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and precarious. They were nearly opposite to the water-fall, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points, the first shoot, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied, were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at scarce three yards distance from the cataract, an old oak-tree, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of fear-

fully narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tinging them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendour could not gain the third of its full depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it, (for hearing speech was now out of the question,) indicated that there lay his farther passage.

Morton gazed at her with surprise; for, although he well knew that the persecu-

ted presbyterians had in the preceding reigns sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts,—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long abidden beside Dobs-linn on the wild heights of Polmoodie, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Creehope-linn, in the parish of Closeburn, yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of non-conformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Envying for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the flash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the farther side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the inte-

rior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grizly beard, stood in the midst of his cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All alone, and in a place of almost unapproachable seclusion, his demeanour was that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy.

"Ha! ha!—there—there!" he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a thrust,

urged with his whole force against the impassible and empty air—" Did I not tell thee so?—I have resisted, and thou fleest from me!—Coward as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all—there is enough betwixt the boards of this book to rescue me!—What mutterest thou of grey hairs?—It was well done to slay him—the more ripe the corn the readier for the sickle.—Art gone?—art gone?—I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!"

With these wild exclamations he sunk the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture like a maniac whose fit is over.

" The dangerous time is by now," said the little girl who had followed; " it seldom lasts beyond the time that the sun's ower the hill; ye may gang in and speak wi' him now. I'll wait for you at the other side of the linn; he canna bide to see twa folk at anes.'

Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command.

"What! comest thou again when thine hour is over?" was his first exclamation, and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

"I am come, Mr Balfour," said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge."

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him in person,—an idea which he caught with marvellous celerity, —he at once exerted that mastership over his heated and enthusiastic imagination, the power of enforcing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sunk his sword point at once, and as he stole it composedly into the scabbard, he muttered something of the damp

and chill which sent an old soldier to his fencing exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Thou hast tarried long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture for their directions?"

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me after so many years."

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart," answered Burley; "and few but Silas Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Seest thou that drawbridge of Nature's own construction?" he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree—"one spurn of my foot, and it is

overwhelmed in the abyss below, bidding foemen on the farther side stand at defiance, and leaving enemies on this at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight."

"Of such defences," said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have had little need."

"Little need?" said Burley impatiently, "What little need, when incarnate fiends are combined against me on earth, and Sathan himself—but it matters not," added he, checking himself—"Enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adullam, and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earls of Torwood, with their broad bounds and barony. Thou, unless the foolish fever-fit be over, mayst think differently."

"It was of these very possessions I came to speak," said Morton, "and I doubt not to find Mr Balfour the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him

to be in times when zeal disunited brethren."

"Ay," said Burley; "Indeed?—Is such truly your hope?—wilt thou express it more plainly?"

"In a word then," said Morton, "you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret, but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and in favours of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their lawful property."

"Sayest thou?" said Balfour.

"I do say so," replied Morton; "and face to face you will not deny what you have vouched by your hand-writing."

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Balfour, "and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retrace the steps I have taken on matured resolve, what will be thy meed? Doest

thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl with her wide and rich inheritance ?"

" I have no such hope," answered Morton calmly.

" And for whom then hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer ?—For whose sake hast thou undertaken to read this riddle, more hard than Sampson's ?"

" For Lord Evandale's and that of his bride," replied Morton firmly. " Think better of mankind, Mr Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others."

" Then, as my soul liveth," replied Balfour, " thou art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a sword, the tamest and most galless puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Evandale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest?—thou wouldst

endow them with wealth and with heritages, and thou thinkst that there lives another man offended even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-livered and mean-spirited, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Balfour?"

"For my own feelings," said Morton composedly, "I am answerable to none but Heaven—To you, Mr Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Olifant or Lord Evandale possess these estates."

"Thou art deceived," said Burley; "both are indeed in outer darkness, and strangers to the light, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day. But this Basil Olifant is a Nabal—a Demas—a base churl, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillietudlem—he turned a papist to obtain possession of them—he called himself

an Erastian that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I list while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them.—These lands are a bitt between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the rein and the line are in my hands to guide them as I think meet; and his they shall therefore be, unless I had assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Evandale is a malignant of heart like flint, and brow like adamant; the goods of the world fall on him like leaves on the frost-bound earth, and unmoved he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the sordid cupidity of those, who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin."

"This might have been all well some

years since," replied Morton; "and I could understand your argument, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has peace, liberty, and freedom of conscience—and what would you more?"

"More!" exclaimed Burley, again unsheathing his sword with a vivacity which nearly made Morton start; "look at the notches upon that weapon; they are three in number, are they not?"

"It seems so," answered Morton; "but what of that?"

"The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap, rested on the skull of the perjured traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland;—this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatic cause at Drumclog;—this third was broken on the steel

head-piece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution. I cleft him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword," he said, again sheathing it, " has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory,—then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master."

" You have neither men nor means, Mr Balfour, to disturb the government as now settled," argued Morton; " the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes."

" It is they," answered Burley, " that should serve ours. I went to the camp of

the malignant Claver'se, as the future King of Israel sought the land of the Philistines; I arranged with him a rising, and, but for the villain Evandale, the Erastians ere now had been driven from the west—I could slay him," he added, with a vindictive scowl, "were he grasping the horns of the altar!" He then proceeded in a calmer tone. "If thou, son of mine ancient comrade, wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to thy courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Olifant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document (he produced a parchment) affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her."

Morton replied firmly, "I will not dissemble with you, Mr Balfour, even to gain

a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have failed—I grieve for your sake, more than for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice."

"You refuse my proffer then?" said Burley, with kindling eyes.

"I do," said Morton; "would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Evandale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir."

"Sooner shall it perish," said Balfour; and, casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smoked, shrivelled, and crackled in the flames, Morton sprung forward to snatch it, and Burley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the

more active and younger of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the enthusiast, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

"Thou hast my secret; thou must be mine, or die!"

"I contemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you."

But, as he turned to retire, Burley stept before him, pushed the oak trunk from its resting place, and as it fell thundering and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and exclaimed, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak,—"Now thou art at bay!—fight—yield, or die!" and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he flourished his naked sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton,—"I

have not yet learned to say the words, I yield; and my life I will rescue as I best can."

So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprung past him, and exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his incensed enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Burley stand for an instant aghast with astonishment, and then, with the frenzy of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had been so long agitated by desperate schemes and sudden disappointments, that it had lost its equipoise, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking from the vigour and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Mor-

ton soon joined his guide, who had been terrified by the fall of the oak. This he represented as accidental; and she assured him in return, that the inhabitant of the cave would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with materials to construct another bridge.

The adventures of the morning were not yet ended. As they approached the hut, the little girl made an exclamation of surprise at seeing her grandmother groping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her home than she could have been supposed capable of travelling.

"O, sir, sir!" said the old woman, when she heard them approach, "gin e'er ye loved Lord Evandale, help now or never!—God be praised that left my hearing when he took my poor eye-sight—Come this way—this way—And O! tread lightly. Peggy, hinny, gang saddle the gentleman's horse, and lead him cannily ahint the thorny shaw, and bide him there."

She conducted him to a small window,

through which, himself unobserved, he could see two dragoons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together.

"The more I think of it," said the one, "the less I like it, Inglis; Evandale was a good officer, and the soldier's friend; and though we were punished for the mutiny at Tillietudlem, yet, by ——, Frank, you must own we deserved it."

"D——n seize me, if I forgive him for it though," replied the other; "and I think I can sit in his skirts now."

"Why, man, you should forget and forgive—Better take the start with him along with the rest, and join the ranting Highlanders. We have all eat King James's bread."

"Thou art an ass; the start, as you call it, will never happen; the day's put off. Halliday's seen a ghost, or Miss Bellenden's fallen sick of the pip, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will

never keep two days longer, and the first that sings out will get the reward."

"That's true, too," answered his comrade; "and will this fellow—this Basil Olifant, pay handsomely?"

"Like a prince, man; Evandale is the man on earth whom he hates worst, and he fears him beside about some law business, and were he once rubbed out of the way, all, he thinks, will be his own."

"But shall we have warrants and force enough? Few people here will stir against my Lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back."

"Thou'rt a cowardly fool, Dick," returned Inglis; "he is living quietly down at Fairy-knowe to avoid suspicion. Olifant is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are us two, and the laird says he can get a desperate fighting whig fellow, called Quintin Mackell, that has an old grudge at Evandale."

"Well, well, you are my officer, you know, and if any thing is wrong"——

"I'll take the blame," said Inglis. "Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tillietudlem.—Here, blind Bess! where the devil has the old hag crept to?"

"Delay them as long as you can," whispered Morton, as he thrust his purse into the hostess's hand, "all depends on gaining time."

Then, walking swiftly to the place where the girl held his horse ready, "To Fairyknowe?—no; alone I could not protect them.—I must instantly to Glasgow. Wittenbold, the commandant there, will readily give me the support of a troop, and procure me the countenance of the civil power. I must drop a caution as I pass. Come, Moorkopf," he said, addressing his horse as he mounted him,—"this day must try your breath and speed."

CHAPTER XV.

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless for a little space he lay,
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.

Palamon and Arcite.

The indisposition of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden apparition of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be so much better, that Lord Evandale resumed his purpose of leaving Fairy-knowe. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Emily entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having received and paid the compliments of the day, she observed it would be a sad one for her, though it would relieve Miss Bellenden of an incumbrance—"My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Bellenden."

"Leaves us!" exclaimed Edith in surprise; "for his own house, I trust in Heaven!"

"I have reason to think he meditates a more distant journey; he has little to detain him in this country."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edith, "why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble? What can be done to stop him from running headlong on ruin? I will come down instantly—Say that I implore he will not depart until I speak with him."

"It will be in vain, Miss Bellenden; but I will execute your commission;" and she left the room as formally as she had entered it, and informed her brother, Miss Bellenden was so much recovered as to propose coming down stairs ere he went away.

"I suppose," she added pettishly, "the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on her shattered nerves."

"Sister," said Lord Evandale, "you are unjust, if not envious."

"Unjust I may be, Evandale, but I should not have dreamt," glancing her eye at a mirror, "of being thought envious without better cause—But let us go to the old lady; she is making a feast in the other room, which might have dined all your troop when you had one."

Lord Evandale accompanied her in silence to the parlour, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her prepossessions and offended pride. They found the table covered with refreshments arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

"Ye could hardly weel be said to breakfast this morning, my Lord Evandale, and ye maun e'en partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this poor house, whose inmates are so much indebted to you, can provide in their present circumstances. For my ain part, I like to see young folks take some refection before they ride out upon their sports or their

affairs, and I said as much to his most Sacred Majesty when he breakfasted at Tillietudlem in the year of grace sixteen hundred and fifty-one, and his most Sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Rhenish wine, 'Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland oracle.' These were his Majesty's very words; so that your Lordship may judge whether I have not good authority to press young folk to partake of their vivers."

It may be well supposed that much of the good lady's speech failed Lord Evandale's ears, which were then employed in listening for the light step of Edith. His absence of mind on this occasion, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Gudyill, who, in the usual phrase for announcing an inferior to the mistress of a family, said "There was ane wanting to speak to her Leddyship."

"Ane! what ane? Has he nae name? Ye speak as if I kept a shop, and was to come at every body's whistle."

"Yes, he has a name," answered John, but your Leddyship likes ill to hear't."

"What is it, you fool?"

"It's Calf-Gibbie, my Leddy," said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of decorous respect, on which he occasionally trespassed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of their humble fortunes—"It's Calf-Gibbie, an' your Leddyship will hae't, that keeps Edie Henshaw's kye down yonder at the Brigg-end—that's him that was Guse-Gibbie at Tillietudlem, and gaed to the wappinshaw, and that"——

"Hold your peace, John; you are very insolent to think I wad speak wi' a person like that. Let him tell his business to you or Mrs Headrigg."

"He'll no hear o' that, my Leddy; he says, them that sent him bade him gi'e the thing to your Leddyship's ain hand direct,

or to Lord Evandale's, he wots na whilk. But, to say the truth, he's far frae fresh, and he's but an idiot an' he were."

"Then turn him out," said Lady Margaret, "and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he comes to crave some benevolence, as an ancient follower o' the house."

"Like eneugh, my Leddy, for he's a' in rags, poor creature."

Gudyill made another attempt to get at Gibbie's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Evandale, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from the practices of Olifant, and exhorting him either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could assure him of protection. This billet, hastily written, he entrusted to Gibbie, whom he saw feeding his herd beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed.

But it was decreed that Goose-Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a man-at-arms, should be unfortunate to the family of Tillietudlem. He unluckily tarried so long at the ale-house, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-knowe, the little sense which nature had given him was effectually drowned in ale and brandy, and instead of asking for Lord Evandale, he demanded to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to his ear. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, perversely faithful to Morton's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone Edith entered the apartment. Lord Evandale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her grand-daughter's indisposition, set down to the bashfulness of a bride

and bridegroom, and, to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Emily on indifferent topics. At this moment Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than whispered, to Lord Evandale a request to speak with him. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anti-room, which, as we have noticed before, opened from the parlour. He placed her in a chair, and, taking one himself, awaited the opening of the conversation.

"I am distressed, my Lord," were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty; "I scarce know what I would say, nor how to speak it."

"If I have any share in occasioning your uneasiness," said Lord Evandale mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be released from it."

"You are determined then, my Lord, to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better reason—in spite of your friends' entreaties—in

spite of the almost inevitable ruin which yawns before you?"

"Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when my honour calls. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the signal for rising will be given so soon as I reach Kilsythe—If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something," he said, taking her hand, "to die deserving your compassion, since I cannot gain your love."

"O, my lord, remain," said Edith, in a tone which went to his heart; "time may explain the strange circumstance which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may recover their tranquillity. O do not rush on death and ruin! remain to be our prop and stay, and hope every thing from time!"

"It is too late, Edith; and I were most ungenerous could I practise on the warmth and kindliness of your feelings towards

me—I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, so strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or absent, indicates a predilection too powerful to give way to friendship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the dye is now cast."

As he spoke thus, Cuddie burst into the room, terror and haste in his countenance. "O, my Lord, hide yoursel! they hae beset the outlets o' the house," was his first exclamation.

"They? Who?" said Lord Evandale.

"A party of horse, headed by Basil Olifant," answered Cuddie.

"O, hide yourself, my Lord!" echoed Edith, in an agony of terror.

"I will not, by Heaven!" answered Lord Evandale. "What right has the villain to assail me or stop my passage? I will make my way were he backed by a regiment; tell Halliday and Hunter to get out the horses—And now farewell, Edith." He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then, bursting from his sister,

who, with Lady Margaret, endeavoured to detain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

All was in confusion—the women shrieked and rushed in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the open ground before Cuddie's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and shewed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

"He may escape, he may escape," said Edith; "O, would he but take the bye-road!"

But Lord Evandale, determined to face a danger which his high spirit undervalued, commanded his servants to follow him, and rode composedly down the avenue. Old Gudyill ran to arm himself, and Cuddie snatched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Evandale.

It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up on the alarm, hung by his skirts, threatening him with death by the sword or halter for meddling wi' other folk's matters.

"Haud your peace, ye b——," said Cuddie, "and that's braid Scotch, or I wot na what is; is it other folk's matters to see Lord Evandale murdered before my face?" and down the avenue he marched. But considering on the way that he composed the whole infantry, as John Gudyill had not appeared, he took his vantage ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and, taking a long aim at Laird Basil, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As soon as Lord Evandale appeared, Olifant's party spread themselves a little, as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood fast, supported by three men, two of whom were dragoons, the third in dress and appearance a countryman, all well armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolved manner of the third

attendant, made him seem the most formidable of the party; and whoever had before seen him could have no difficulty in recognizing Balfour of Burley.

"Follow me," said Lord Evandale to his servants, "and if we are forcibly opposed, do as I do." He advanced at a hand gallop towards Olifant, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus beset the road, when Olifant called out, "Shoot the traitor!" and the whole four fired their carabines upon the unfortunate nobleman. He reeled in the saddle, advanced his hand to the holster, and drew a pistol, but, unable to discharge it, fell from his horse mortally wounded. His servants had presented their carabines. Hunter fired at random, but Halliday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim at Inglis, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant a shot, from behind the hedge, still more effectually avenged Lord Evandale, for the balls took place in the very midst of Basil Olifant's forehead, and stretched

him lifeless on the ground. His followers, astonished at the execution done in so short a time, seemed rather disposed to stand inactive, when Burley, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, "Down with the Midianites!" and attacked Halliday sword in hand. At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant, Wittenbold, accompanied by Morton and a civil magistrate.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the

other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took place when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dra-

goon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tiger seizes his prey, and both losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph.*

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* Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend, Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of

While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Evandale was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Emily was far exceeded in inten-

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the Epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:

Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who stirred up to vengeance take,
For Solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

sity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until Lord Evandale, taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment.

CONCLUSION.

I HAD determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after Lord Evandale's death. But as I was aware that precedents are wanting for a practice which might be found convenient, both to readers and compilers, I confess myself to have been in a considerable dilemma, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Buskbody, a young lady who has carried on the profession of mantua-making at Gander-

cleugh, and in the neighbourhood, with great success, for about forty years.—Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I waited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of three circulating libraries in Gandercleugh and the two next market-towns. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

"I have not been more affected," said she, wiping the glasses of her spectacles, "by any novel, excepting the Tale of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, which is indeed pathos itself; but your plan of omitting a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but, unless you had the genius of the author of Julia de Roubigné, never let the end be altoge-

ther overclouded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential."

"Nothing would be more easy for me, madam, than to comply with your injunctions; for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested, did live long and happily, and begot sons and daughters."

"It is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of reprimand, "to be particular concerning their matrimonial comforts.—But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"

"Really, madam, you must be aware, that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion, just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of

it, so I think a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language."

"This will not do, Mr Pattieson," continued the lady; "you have, as I may say, basted up your first story very hastily and clumsily at the conclusion; and, in my trade, I would have cuffed the youngest apprentice who had put such a horrid and bungled spot of work out of her hand.—And if you do not redeem this gross error by telling us all about the marriage of Morton and Edith, and what became of the other personages of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose-Gibbie, I apprize you, that you will not be held to have accomplished your task handsomely."

"Well, madam," I replied, "my materials are so ample, that I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it descend to very minute circumstances indeed."

"First, then," said she, "for that is most essential,—Did Lady Margaret get back her fortune and her castle?"

"She did, madam, and in the easiest way imaginable, as heir, namely, to her worthy cousin, Basil Olifant, who died without a will; and thus, by his death, not only restored, but even augmented, the fortune of her, whom, during his life, he had pursued with the most inveterate malice. John Gudyill, reinstated in his dignity, was more important than ever; and Cuddie, with rapturous delight, entered upon the cultivation of the mains of Tillietudlem, and the occupation of his original cottage. But, with the shrewd caution of his character, he was never heard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repossessed his lady and himself in their original habitations. 'After a',' he said to Jenny, who was his only confidante, 'he was my Leddy's cousin, and a grand gentleman; and though he was acting again the law, as I understand, for he ne'er shewed ony

warrant, or required Lord Evandale to surrender, and though I mind killing him nae mair than I wad do a muir-cock, yet it is as weel to keep a calm sough about it.' He not only did so, but ingeniously enough countenanced a report that old Gudyill had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the old butler, who, far different in disposition from Cuddie, was much more inclined to exaggerate than suppress his exploits of manhood. The blind widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little guide to the Linn; and"——

"But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal personages?" interrupted Miss Buskbody, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.

"The marriage of Morton and Miss Bellenden was delayed for several months, as both went into deep mourning on account of Lord Evandale's death. They were then wedded."

"I hope, not without Lady Margaret's

consent, sir? I love books which teach a proper deference in young persons to their parents. In a novel they may fall in love without their countenance, because it is essential to the necessary intricacy of the story, but they must always have the benefit of their countenance at last. Even old Delville received Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth."

"And even so, madam, Lady Margaret was prevailed on to countenance Morton, although the old Covenanter, his father, stuck sorely with her for some time. Edith was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy; Morton, or Melville Morton, as he was more generally called, stood so high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other respect such an eligible match, that she put her prejudice aside, and consoled herself with the recollection, that marriage went by destiny, as was observed to her, she said, by his most Sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she shewed him the

portrait of her grandfather Fergus, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, his second lady, who had a hump-back and only one eye. This was his Majesty's observation, she said, on one remarkable morning when he deigned to take his *disjune*"——

"Nay," said Miss Buskbody, again interrupting me, "if she bring such authority to countenance her acquiescing in a misalliance, there was no more to be said.—And what became of old Mrs What's her name, the housekeeper?"

"Mrs Wilson, madam," answered I; "she was perhaps the happiest of the party; for once a year, and not oftener, Mr and Mrs Melville Morton dined in the great wainscotted-chamber in solemn state, the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge brass-candlesticks set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing the room for this yearly festival employed her mind

for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied her the other six, so that a single day of rejoicing found her business for all the year round."

"And Niel Blane?"

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played whig or jacobite tunes as best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Jenny to a cock-laird. I hope, ma'am, you have no other enquiries to make, for really"——

"Goose-Gibbie, sir — Goose-Gibbie, whose ministry was fraught with such consequences to the personages of the narrative?"

"Consider, my dear Miss Buskbody," (I beg pardon for the familiarity,)—"but pray consider even the memory of the renowned Scheherazade, that Empress of Tale-tellers, could not preserve every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the fate of Goose-Gibbie, but am inclined

to think him the same with one Gilbert Dudden, alias Calf-Gibbie, who was whipped through Hamilton for stealing poultry."

Miss Buskbody now placed her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over her knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some farther cross-examination, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hasty good-night, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In like manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

THE END.

PERORATION.

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the "Tales of my Landlord" should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or volumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript quires, containing the continuation of these most pleasant narratives, I was apprised, somewhat unceremoniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of novels (as he injuriously called these real histories) extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to decline the article (O, ignorance! as if the vernacular article of our mother English were capable of declension!) Whereupon,

somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and paper, which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the heralds or avant-couriers of the Tales which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured, and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the unanimous voice of a discerning public. I rest, esteemed Reader, thine as thou shalt construe me,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

Gandercleugh, Nov. 15, 1816.

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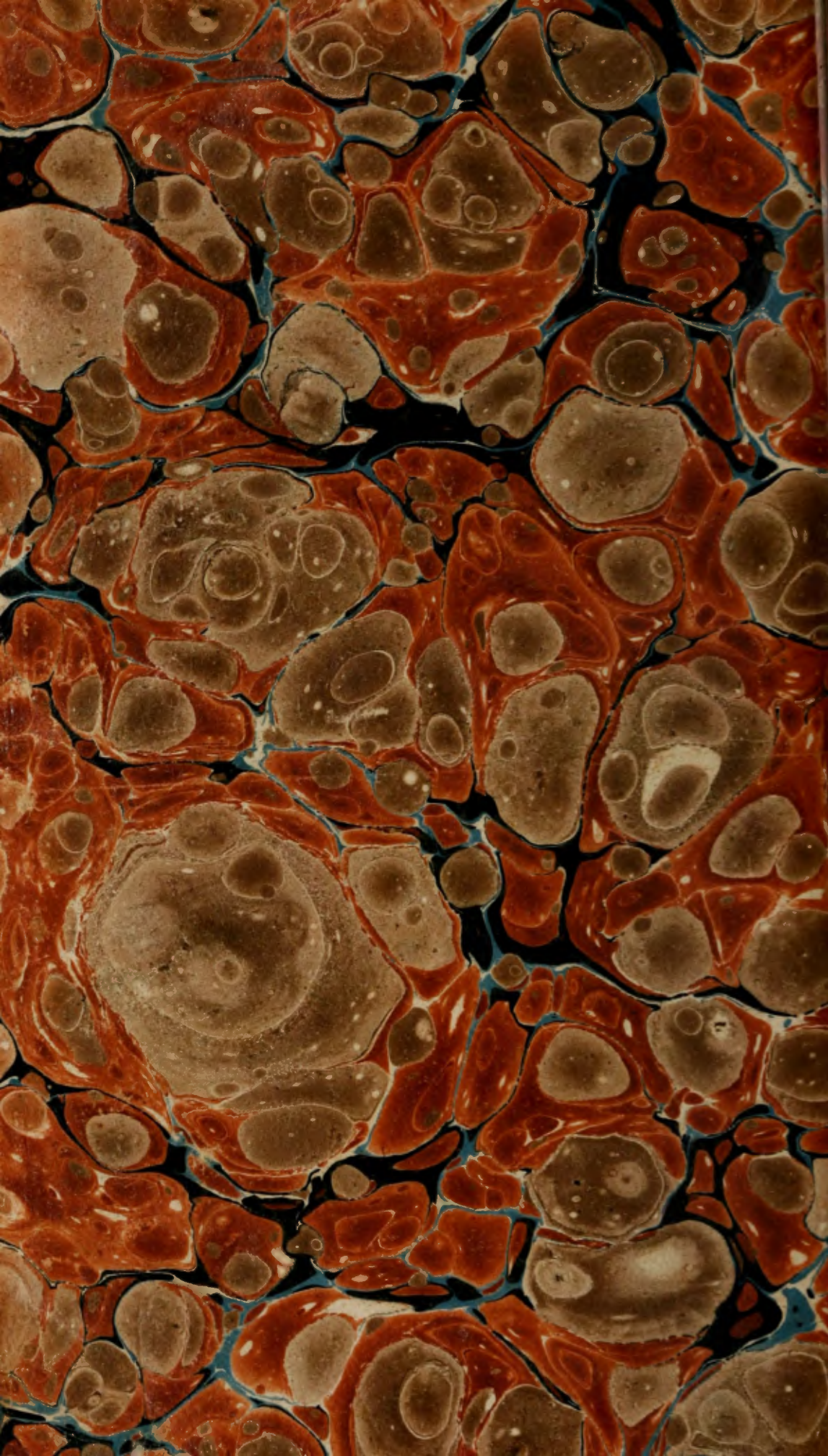

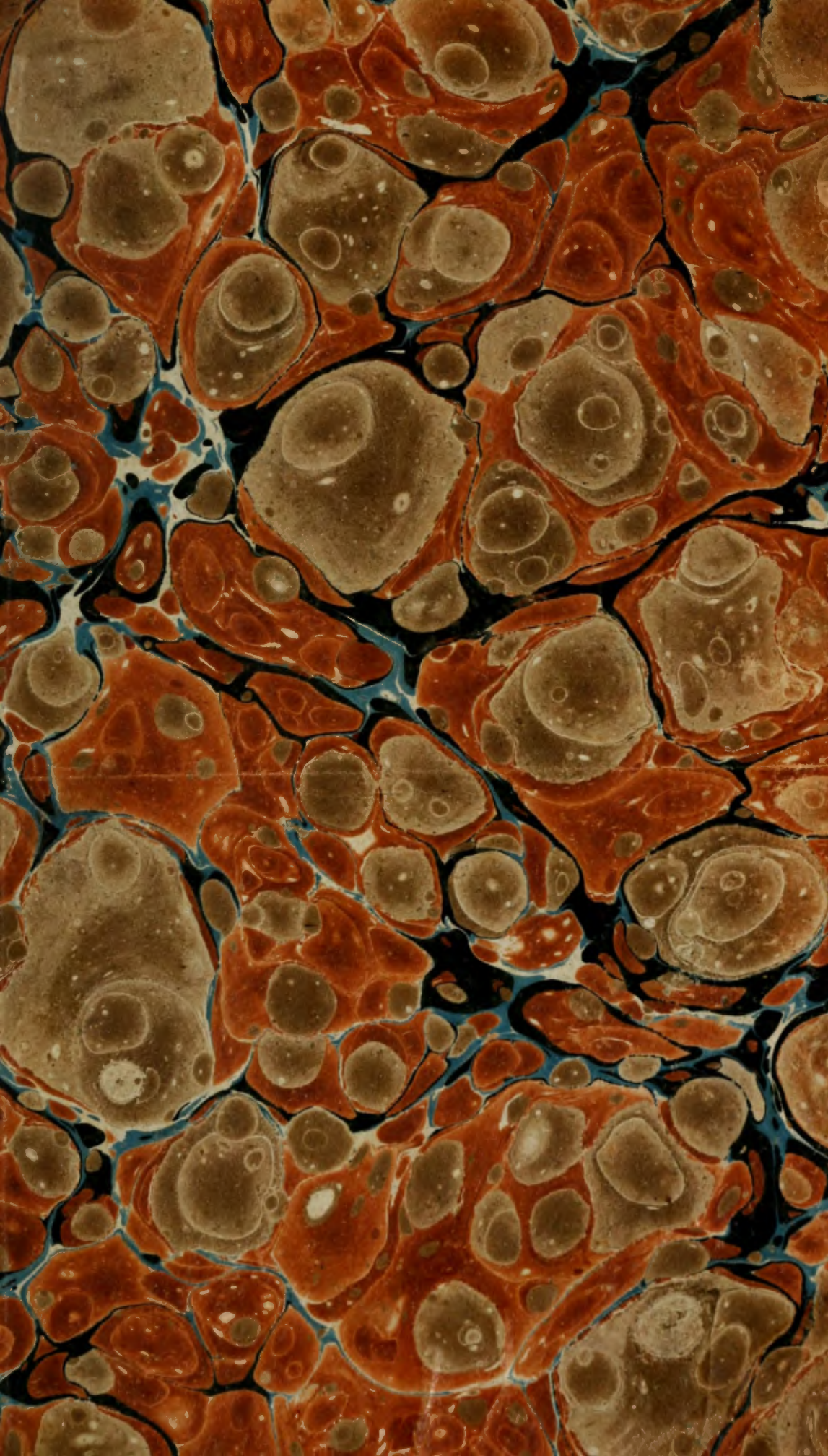

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